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JAMES F. BYRNES

by Benjamin Stolberg

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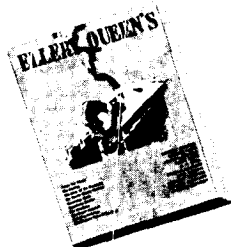
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HISTORY

THE GREAT PACIFIC VICTORY: *From the Solomons to Tokyo*, by Gilbert Cant. \$3.50. *John Day.* Any account of the war written today must fall short of the freshness of journalism on the one hand and the authority of seasoned history on the other. This running record of combat in the Pacific during the last two and a half years of the war is no exception. It has substantial deficiencies. Long on tactics, it is short on strategy. It treats naval engagements more adequately than army operations (both of Mr. Cant's previous books concerned the Navy), early battles more fully than later ones (the Luzon campaign receives only four pages). Its few maps are disgracefully primitive. Nevertheless, considering the immediacy and immensity of the subject, this terse, meaty volume represents an extraordinary accomplishment. Mr. Cant's appraisals are judicious and balanced, his information is enormous, his style restrained yet vivid. An able synthesis throughout, the book achieves real distinction in its account of some of the great naval battles.

SANTA FE: *The Railroad That Built an Empire*, by James Marshall. \$3.75. *Random House.* Half a century of migration by foot, horseback and wagon-train had brought but a few scattered thousands into a western territory about half the size of the United States. In a few short years the coming of the railroads — among which was the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe — opened the same vast area to millions. In 1869 Cyrus K. Holliday dreamed modestly of an 850-mile line following the route of the old Santa Fe wagon trail from the Missouri River to Texas; twenty years later his railroad was one of the greatest in the world, owning or controlling 7000 miles of track from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, and spreading a network through the southwestern United States to the gulf of Mexico. Unlike many other lines, Santa Fe built "through unsettled but potentially rich territory and hung on until

the country caught up with it." Consequently the early history of the Southwest runs parallel with the growth of the Santa Fe, and Mr. Marshall's book is a rich storehouse of anecdotes of places and persons on the Western frontier during the closing days of the nineteenth century. The author, an editor of *Collier's* whose hobby is railroading, writes ably and with intelligent enthusiasm.

THE WILDCATTERS: *An Informal History of Oil-Hunting in America*, by Samuel W. Tait, Jr. \$3.00. Princeton University Press. Since early childhood, the author has been steeped in the history of oil, and in writing this book he has supplemented personal knowledge with enormous and admirably concealed research. The result is a history which is "informal" not in any dilettantish sense, but only in rambling at will through the lore of the oilfields. Modestly factual in its approach, the book contains a great deal of information on petroleum prospectors and the fields which they opened up from Pennsylvania to California. It also incorporates considerable technical data on drilling processes. Those with a special interest in the business will find Mr. Tait's account a fascinating one.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

CHINA IN THE SUN, by Randall Gould. \$3.50. Doubleday. China's semi-colonial status in relation to the Western powers is at an end, and with the collapse of Japan, she stands today potentially the leader in the Orient. In spite of the important rôle for which she seems destined, most Westerners are singularly uninformed and misinformed regarding the country and its people. Randall Gould, who is editor of the *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury* and has been a resident of China for twenty years, here tries to clear up some of our misconceptions. His interpretation of events since the Revolution of 1911 reveals a sympathetic understanding of the Chinese, and he is also very fair in his discussion of the probable course of China's relations with England, Russia and the United States.

FOUNDATIONS OF NATIONAL POWER: *Readings on World Politics and American Security*, ed. by Harold and Margaret Sprout. \$4.25. Princeton. A bulging compendium of twentieth

(Continued on page 376)

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The American MERCURY

JAMES F. BYRNES

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

THE Roosevelt Revolution was a sort of Walt Disney *Fantasia* in which an army of bright midgets was let loose to tinker with the American Leviathan. In time Mr. Roosevelt tired of his Revolution, especially when he sensed the infinitely greater chaos of the peace-torn world to come, of which he meant to be the Peerless Leader, a gay and debonair Messiah guiding mankind toward greener pastures. Cordell Hull had never quite fitted into this Disney symphony, and when illness and fatigue forced him to retire, FDR looked around for a foreign minister closer to his heart's new desire. And there he was: Edward R. Stettinius Junior, who looked like an Arrow collar statesman about to take off on the wings of his collar wherever his boss might send him.

Mr. Stettinius combines the best features of Grover Whalen and an International Y man — out of the House of Morgan. Ingenuously high-minded, an energetic administrator of vague but excellent intentions, he set about streamlining the State Department so that it began to resemble the Luce organization . . . when Roosevelt died, and Mr. Stettinius became the presidential successor.

This was too much for the politicians. Unfitness for high office does not usually faze them. But Mr. Stettinius's kind of strenuous ineptitude was so alien to their nature that the very idea of his being in the White House scared the hell out of them. A new job had to be found for Eddie. And as soon as the San Francisco Conference was over, President Tru-

BENJAMIN STOLBERG is one of the most brilliant students of the contemporary political and economic scene. He has written for all the major national magazines, and his two most recent books are *The Story of the CIO* and *Tailor's Progress*.

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man appointed him chief United States receptionist to the UNO.

That is why James F. Byrnes is Secretary of State today. There are other reasons. Twelve years of Roosevelt, who did not suffer gladly men of competence and stature, had set such a premium on mediocrity that Byrnes seemed like an elder statesman. For many years he had been the Administration whip in the Senate, a politician's politician, popular in both Houses and both parties. He had built up an enviable reputation as a Great Compromiser, the smooth broker of conflicting interests, a veritable Cardinal Richelieu of the cloakroom. Furthermore, President Truman could not help but sympathize with his friend Jimmy for the double-cross he had had to bear when Roosevelt went back on his twice-given word to have him as his running mate, especially as Truman himself was the innocent beneficiary of this broken promise. And so, not long after he became President, he called Byrnes from his correct but poised retirement in Spartanburg, South Carolina, and made him the chief of his cabinet and his successor.

Shrewd is the word for Jimmy! This estimate has become a Washington cliché. But shrewdness, of all qualities, depends entirely upon the man who has it. Obviously, the shrewdness of Bath House John was very different from the astuteness of Abe Lincoln. No one's shrewdness is greater than his insight. The perspi-

cacity of a great nature may encompass the whole of life. But the smartness of little men deserts them as soon as they step outside the limits of their personal experience. Then they sink into abysmal naïveté.

Now what manner of man is Mr. Byrnes? Fortunately his life is an open book, psychologically as well as politically. His talents and his failings are clearly discernible in his long career. He is energetic, industrious, quietly ambitious and quick-witted. He has the politician's occupational loyalty, which means that in his dealings behind the scenes he is aboveboard and reliable. He is likeable and a good mixer, and has a genuine gift for resolving issues provided they are not too deeply opposed. Great issues are apt to be ideologically difficult, and Byrnes is ideologically indifferent and illiterate. His technique in the House and Senate was really quite simple. When a legislator had a principled objection to a bill, Byrnes would drop the subject. If his objections, however, were merely tactical, then Jimmy would find out what he wanted and see what could be done. He would strike out a clause here, insert one somewhere else, suggest a bipartisan committee, and throw in a post office.

As a matter of fact, Byrnes is not a shrewd manipulator in a fundamental sense. He lacks the power so to frame events that men will be forced to react as he wants them to, which is the essence of political shrewdness. All Jimmy's cleverness really amounts to is that stubborn and able men are

often glad to use him as a go-between, because he is likeable, trustworthy and appreciates their problems. But when this technique of give-and-take, with himself as intermediary, does not work, and yet something has to be done, then Mr. Byrnes's vaunted astuteness shrinks into impotence. And endowed with enormous power, the impotence of simple-minded men becomes tragic farce — on a historic scale. This explains why the Great Compromiser between Joe Robinson and Charlie McNary has become the Great Appeaser of Comrades Stalin and Molotov.

II

In his personal life Jimmy Byrnes is simple and attractive. There his good qualities are uncomplicated by great issues. He has enjoyed a long and happy marriage. His political ambitions were never reflected in his social life. His three closest friends are Chief Justice Whaley of the Court of Claims, a former fellow congressman from South Carolina; Donald Russell, who was his law partner and whom he has made an Assistant Secretary of State; and Walter Brown, an old newspaper friend.

Byrnes' tastes are extremely modest. He likes "two tailor-made suits a year, three meals a day, and a reasonable amount of good liquor." He is an amusing, somewhat aseptic and far from witty story-teller. His favorite songs are barbershop ballads. And he rarely reads anything unconnected with his professional labors. In short,

just as Jimmy Byrnes lacks depth as a politician though he has considerable political talents, he lacks richness of personality though he has many excellent qualities as a human being.

James Francis Byrnes was born in Charleston, S. C., on May 2, 1879, in a devout Catholic home. His grandparents on both sides were Irish immigrants. Grandfather Byrnes settled on a small farm near Yammassee. He had no gift for success, and after the early death of his wife he retired more and more into himself. Grandfather McSweeney failed in life completely, largely through addiction to drink. And Jimmy's father died of tuberculosis before Jimmy was born. The men of the family give one the impression of inadequacy in coping with life.

But the women present an entirely different picture. Jimmy's mother, Elizabeth Byrnes, was left a penniless widow at twenty-four. She became a dressmaker and quickly developed a good trade, paying an annual visit to New York for the latest styles. She was a woman of great discipline and energy, her workday often ending at two or three in the morning. Her mother, Mrs. McSweeney, took efficient charge of the household, which was run rather on the strict side. The two women brought up not only Elizabeth Byrnes' two children, Leonore and Jim, but also her nephew Frank Hogan. Now and then Mrs. Hogan, also an able citizen, would come down from Brooklyn for long stays. Mrs. Byrnes found time to teach the children shorthand and to supervise

their school work. Leonore, who became Mrs. L. B. Fuller, was for many years a counselor in the Department of Agriculture; Frank Hogan died a few years ago as one of the country's leading corporation lawyers, a multimillionaire, an ex-president of the American Bar Association; Jimmy is a world figure. And behind all these careers, emerging from a tiny dress establishment in Charleston, we sense the character, devotion and ambition of Elizabeth Byrnes.

All his life Byrnes has been surrounded by sensible and devoted women who have protected and encouraged his career. His wife is his closest political confidant and adviser. His relation to his sister is so intimate that he called her up long distance for a last word before he flew to Moscow. And Miss Cassie Connor, his secretary for many years, is a family friend, both on the personal and the political level. There is something about Byrnes' steady, amazingly successful, yet somehow unexciting rise, which reflects this continuous, intelligent, feminine support. At sixty-six he gives one the impression of having been arrested in his bright and promising youth. His many genuinely admirable qualities have not matured. His quick intelligence has given him no wisdom, his shrewdness and talents as a harmonizer have given him no intellectual perceptions, and the cleanliness of his mind and politics have not evolved into moral force.

Jimmy quit school at fourteen to help support the family. He took

a job as office boy in the law firm of Mordecai and Gadsden, one of whose partners was Benjamin H. Rutledge, a descendant of the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Judge Rutledge took a fatherly interest in the boy and put his law library at his disposal. This association left a lasting imprint on Byrnes' political orientation. It turned Byrnes toward the liberal wing of the Southern Democracy, against the Bleases and the Bilbos, and goes far to explain his parliamentary loyalty to Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt.

In 1900 Byrnes went to Aiken to take the examination for court stenographer, and for the next eight years he was a court reporter. During that time he bought, for \$500 down, the *Aiken Journal and Review*, which he edited on the side for about two years. But he decided that his primary interest was politics, sold the paper, and in 1903 he took his bar examinations.

When Byrnes first came to Aiken, he lived at the Piedmont Hotel, owned by the father of Maude Busch whom he married in 1908. Miss Busch must have been more than a mere Southern belle, though she was all of that, for in the same year Byrnes joined the Episcopal Church, ran for county solicitor and was elected. His conversion from Catholicism was, of course, one of the most significant acts of his life. His friends say that he wished to join his wife's denomination, which undoubtedly was a true reason. But his critics are probably not

entirely wrong in claiming that his reasons were also political, for obviously there could be no great political future for an Irish-American Catholic in South Carolina. Be that as it may, Byrnes has always felt himself a member of the Southern majority, psychologically and culturally, and not a member of a minority, either Irish or Catholic. He has none of the traits of an Al Smith, a Jimmy Walker or a Jim Farley. He lacks their peculiar wit and warmth and color, the whole cultural flavor of the Irish American in public life. He naturally belongs with the Pat Harrisons, the Joe Robinsons and the Alben Barkleys.

Nevertheless, in 1940 Roosevelt would not consider Byrnes as his running mate because, in his opinion, a convert from Catholicism might hurt the ticket even more than a Catholic. And in 1944, when the Democratic machine wanted to nominate Byrnes for the vice presidency, Roosevelt, after having twice promised to support him, backed out again and for the same reason. (It wasn't Sidney Hillman and his PAC that stopped him, for the simple reason that they would have had to be for Roosevelt no matter who had been his running mate.)

III

Byrnes was first elected to Congress in 1910 and there he stayed for fourteen years, constantly rising in influence. He became a member of the Appropriations Committee where he

helped to steer through the supply bills during the first World War. It was then that he met the young Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Franklin Roosevelt, and they became fast friends. Roosevelt always wanted more money for the Navy, spending large sums in advance of appropriation, and Byrnes never failed to see him through. At the 1920 Democratic Convention at San Francisco, Byrnes made a deal with Boss Murphy of Tammany Hall to name Roosevelt for the vice presidency, an act of friendship which Roosevelt did not reciprocate a generation later.

In 1924 Byrnes decided to run for the Senate against Cole Blease. "Coley" Blease was Simon Legree come to life, a Wizard of White Supremacy who openly glorified lynching. Byrnes, the pupil of Judge Rutledge and a follower of the liberal agrarianism of "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman, made a dignified campaign on economic issues. But he lost. And he settled in Spartanburg as a member of the firm of Nichols, Wyche and Byrnes, where he spent six fairly lucrative years practicing law and carefully mending his political fences. In 1930 he again ran against Blease, and this time he was elected.

In the Senate Byrnes quickly became FDR's unofficial whip. He was by no means an abject White House stooge. Indeed, his very effectiveness lay in his independent like-mindedness with the President. He was against the court packing scheme, and, a bit angrily, against the "purging" of

"Cotton Ed" Smith, Walter George and other Democrats. Yet essentially he was the chief lobbyist of the New Deal must legislation among his own colleagues. He began as a liberal Democrat who, on the whole, believed in the President's program. But Byrnes is the last man on earth to have sensed (or cared) where traditional liberalism ends and liberal totalitarianism begins. He is far too practical a politician to be conscious of imperceptible ideological transitions. He accepted the multiplying bureaucracy, the growing indifference of the Roosevelt régime to constitutional checks and liberties, as merely a modern expression, in a technological world, of Jeffersonian Democracy. Quick in digesting facts, he does not sense the truth behind them, the ineluctable social logic of man-made political events. And so he gradually became psychologically as well as politically a Brain Trustee of the Roosevelt coterie. He came to admire the "brilliance" of a Frankfurter or a Corcoran as against the sound Americanism of a Hatton Sumners or a Walter George, who represent the best in his own tradition.

In the 1940 Democratic convention Byrnes was the real floor leader for the Third Term, Harry Hopkins' right hand man. And in 1941 Roosevelt rewarded him by naming him to the Supreme Court.

By training, temperament and outlook, Byrnes was about as fit for the Supreme Court as Jimmy Walker is fit to be a Cardinal. He has never made up for his lack of formal

schooling by systematic self-culture. Though a competent lawyer, especially in cases involving relations with government agencies, he totally lacks the juridical mind of a Harlan Stone or the natural scholarliness of a Harold Burton. His name will go down in judicial history as the man who wrote one of the most sophistical political opinions in the court's history. In the case of *U. S. vs. Local 807 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters*, he wrote the majority decision, maintaining that organized labor is exempt from the anti-racketeering section of the anti-trust law. Nothing in the Act justifies such an interpretation, but Byrnes believed, from his own knowledge, that the Congress had not intended the law to apply to labor unions. Nothing illustrates better the way his mind works. It works not with principles and ideas, but with deals and bargains.

The work of the court bored him to death. On the bench he felt much like a student who is primarily interested in "activities," being subjected to a perpetual schedule of stiff examinations. And though he was sufficiently poor to appreciate a life-long income of \$20,000, he jumped at the chance when, in June 1941, Roosevelt offered him the job of Director of Economic Stabilization. In the spring of 1943, the Office of Economic Stabilization was reorganized, for greater centralization of the war effort, into the Office of War Mobilization, with Byrnes continuing as Director. His power was great that he became

popularly known as Assistant President. He was the civilian wartime boss over our national economy, and had the last say over ceiling prices, rents, wages, profits, rationing and subsidies.

It is extremely difficult to tell whether Byrnes did a good, bad or indifferent job as the top administrator of America's economic war effort. He knew next to nothing of management or production, labor or economics, and neither did his two assistants, both New Deal lawyers — Benjamin V. Cohen, a very fancy highbrow, and Edward F. Prichard, a bright young man around thirty who weighed circa 300 pounds, all of it left of center.

Anyway, as always, Byrnes considered his job to be a task of harmonizing the leading prima donnas of the other agencies which dealt directly with the consumer, industry, labor and the Services. He was really the impresario of the alphabet-soup opera, and not the manager of the civilian war effort in the sense in which Barney Baruch was in the first World War. We won the war because American industry and labor were performing miracles and because we are so rich, so powerful and technologically so great that, in the last analysis, it did not matter very much who ran the Office of War Mobilization. In the natural course of events, Byrnes would have stayed as Assistant President to the end of the war. But Roosevelt's treatment of him at the Chicago Convention made it impossible even for

his long-suffering pride to continue and, since the end of the war was in sight, he resigned and went home to Spartanburg.

IV

On July 3, 1945, he came back to Washington as Secretary of State. Fate and Mr. Truman had done for him what Roosevelt, hiding behind Mr. Hillman, wouldn't. Now he was Vice-President *de facto* if not *de jure*. And instead of being merely the presiding officer of the Senate, he was Secretary of State, an office for which he honestly believed himself well fitted. Byrnes is not a conceited man, but he does take pride in his judgment of men and what they want, in his abilities as a harmonizer and bargainer. And the historic moment was certainly sufficiently turbulent for the distinguished exercise of these talents. That diplomacy in a revolutionary epoch also calls for a deep knowledge of history and of the passions of social forces, probably never occurred to him.

His first official act as Secretary of State gave the measure of the man on the international scale — and it was rather frightening. On the morrow of America's Independence Day, the Truman administration recognized the Lublin government. Before that, we and Britain had urged the democratic underground leaders of Poland to come out into the open and deal with the Kremlin. Under a white flag but against their own judgment, they

did so — and were arrested, framed as “fascist” agents and found “guilty.” We recognized the Lublin fifth column régime just the same. And now Byrnes sent his “deep personal gratification” and other joyous sentiments to the Lublin foreign minister, adding insult to the mortal injury we had done to Polish freedom. Since Byrnes is neither brutal nor cynical, there is only one explanation: he knew not what he did — in the Biblical sense.

For his two chief assistants, Byrnes chose Dean Acheson as Under Secretary and Ben Cohen as Counselor.

Byrnes admires Cohen enormously as a profound social and political thinker. Come to think of it, Mr. Cohen does look vaguely like Spinoza; and he certainly shows great skill in conveying an atmosphere of humble, almost saintly, devotion to abstract truth. But there the resemblance ends abruptly. For our Spinoza from Muncie, Indiana, is chock-full of foggy platitudes, a gentle “liberal” totalitarian, dwelling in the Nirvana of some collectivist future. He is the New Deal-Intoxicated Man. Neither a communist nor a fellow traveler, he is beloved by the left brethren, for he exudes clouds of inky confusion, which make Soviet appeasement seem like profound realism. Moscow loves to deal with highbrow innocents, and Comrade Molotov must have been delighted with Mr. Byrnes’ political philosopher.

Dean Acheson is a very different proposition. A most competent fellow, an able international lawyer, he does

not suffer from the auto-intoxication of undigested ideas. He is a robust extrovert, whose only party line seems to be the career of Mr. Acheson. His sheer nerve is amazing. As State Department advisers to General MacArthur, he sent some well-known sympathizers with the Chinese Communists. And he told MacArthur just where to get off: that not the Supreme Commander but the State Department determines policy in Japan — which MacArthur never questioned. Acheson addressed a Madison Square Garden mass meeting, where his fellow orators were the “Red” Dean of Canterbury, Moscow’s international Holy Roller, and Paul Robeson, the great artist, who made one of his all-out pro-Soviet speeches. Mr. Acheson is neither a Communist nor a fellow traveler; he is not even a Roosevelt liberal. Nevertheless I find it a timesaver to follow his diplomatic orientation in the sympathetic columns of the *Daily Worker*.

When we come to what Pat Hurley called the “lower echelons” in the Department, we find a number of leftists, in every state of consciousness and unconsciousness. They are in a minority, to be sure, but they are strategically located and extremely active. In spite of his excitable, fumbling and poorly presented testimony, General Hurley was completely right in his position.

Given such an atmosphere, it would be a miracle if the clever Mr. Byrnes had failed to outsmart himself, especially since, like the rest of us, he

has been for a decade unceasingly bombarded with the slogans of totalitarian dis- and misinformation: . . . the Soviet Union is a Great Democracy . . . she wants only Unity . . . she wants only Friendly Neighbors . . . to oppose her is to fail to "understand" her . . . Tito is a Libertarian and Mikhailovitch a Fascist . . . Black is White . . . Tyranny is Freedom . . . and so on and on. Of course, Mr. Byrnes knows better. But as time marches on, he cannot help but be influenced by the semantics of the Big Lie; he cannot help but be confused, like millions of others, by this sinister drumbeat of the world-wide fifth column of the Bolshevik Revolution.

In London Byrnes stood up against Molotov's unreasoning intransigence which was but a softening-up technique for the next meeting of the Big Three. When Byrnes came back, the left and "liberal" Smear Bund went to work and buckets of filth were thrown at him. The politician in him recoiled from this stench. And the loyal party man in him may have remembered that, after all, the kicking rear of the Democratic donkey is made up of the CIO-PAC-Communist bloc. 1948 begins in 1946! But, most importantly, it is inconceivable to a man like Byrnes that one cannot — *somehow* — get together with the Kremlin! There must be *some* way to talk sense with the Soviet politicians! Furthermore, he is convinced that the UNO has a great future, and that it cannot be made to work without the Russians. He made

up his mind to try again. And he went to Moscow.

Every "concession" Byrnes brought home was a Soviet triumph. Iran, the current arena of Bolshevik aggression in the Near East, was not discussed. The Potsdam Agreement, which keeps Europe writhing with a broken back, was not mentioned. All of eastern Europe was handed to Stalin on a silver platter; in recognizing Bulgaria Byrnes left it to Molotov to encourage its "democratic" forces. Korean independence was sacrificed, for no reason, to Soviet Far Eastern penetration. In Japan we betrayed our victory and exchanged our freedom of action for a control council, with sabotaging powers, and the Soviet Union on it — a fair exchange, Mr. Byrnes "reported" to the American people. And the concessions he made about the atomic bomb are confusingly irresponsible.

Moscow is not just another Munich. It is a strange and wonderful Canossa, a Canossa in reverse, where the greatest power on earth came begging for peace from King Kong with Lend-Lease feet and the Big and Terrifying Lie that slavery is the last best hope of freedom. Byrnes went to Moscow to avoid a third World War, whose seeds were sown at Yalta, Teheran and Potsdam. But nothing leads as surely to another world war as appeasement of Bolshevik National Socialism.

Jimmy Byrnes was at his best when, as a young man of thirty, he was

Solicitor (District Attorney) of the Second District of South Carolina. One of his first cases was the prosecution of a colored man for murder. He found out that a locally prominent white man had instigated the crime. He sent him to prison. That took courage, integrity, and intelligence in the handling of the situation. But it required no particular wisdom, for obviously instigation of murder is a crime.

The higher Jimmy rose, the smaller Jimmy grew. For the greater the task, the greater the need for insight and for the wisdom which raises intelligence into a philosophy of life and society. As a legislator, for a quarter of a century, Byrnes was always

more interested in getting other men's minds to work together than in developing his own conceptions of parliamentary freedom. When he was a Supreme Court justice, he was more interested in the political than in the juridical consequences of his work. As America's highest wartime administrator, he was more interested in fixing things than in the broad outlines of administrative policy. And today he is hell-bent on making international relations "work," without the least understanding of what they are working toward.

Unfortunately for Mr. Byrnes, and the American people, this is a poor time for a man of such limitations to be Secretary of State.



Men in Public Life—

There is every reason why a man should have an honorable ambition to enter public life, and an honorable ambition to stay there when he is in; but he ought to make up his mind that he cares for it only as long as he can stay in it on his own terms, without sacrifice of his own principles; and if he does thus make up his mind he can really accomplish twice as much for the nation, and can reflect a hundredfold greater honor upon himself, in a short term of service, than can the man who grows gray in the public employment at the cost of sacrificing what he believes to be true and honest.

—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

AN INTERRACIAL MARRIAGE

BY JOSEPHINE SCHUYLER

FOR the past seventeen years I have lived in Harlem as the white member of an interracial marriage. During this period we have lived like any other middle-class American couple. We have probably entertained more than we would have ordinarily, for people of nearly every race and creed, including white Southerners, have sought us out to show their interest, emancipation and goodwill. This may come as a surprise to those who believe that such a union dooms the principals to loneliness. True, American society does not welcome a mixed couple, but after some very critical inspection, it will generally meet that couple halfway. Materially we have done very well. My husband has perhaps had to work harder for his money but even during the depression he was never without a literary position.

We met in quite a normal manner. While in San Francisco where I was studying Chinese philosophy under Kiang Kang Hu, attending the lectures of John Cowper Powys, taking

dancing lessons with Ruth St. Denis and Elmira Morisini and posing for artists in ballet skirts à la Degas, I began contributing poetry and articles to magazines and newspapers. Among them was the now defunct *Messenger Magazine*, which at that time was a mixture of socialism and sophistication hard to find elsewhere in America. George Schuyler was the assistant editor of the *Messenger*. I had been reading and clipping his iconoclastic and satirical articles for some time, while he had been reading my pieces without guessing I was a white Southerner.

Naturally, when I came to New York I sought out the *Messenger* office and, with some trepidation because of the way he wrote, I introduced myself to Mr. Schuyler. Before I left him three hours later, we had discussed everything from food to philosophy, and I had accepted his invitation to dine and dance with him that night. Thereafter, we continued to frequent the famous Savoy Ball-

JOSEPHINE SCHUYLER, Texan-born writer and amateur portrait painter, is the white wife of George Schuyler, Negro newspaperman and New York editor of the *Pittsburgh Courier*. Their daughter, Philippa, began writing poetry, playing the piano and composing music at the age of three. Now fourteen, Philippa has more than 200 musical works to her credit, including *Manhattan Nocturne*, scored for a 100-piece symphony, which was premiered last year by the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra.

room almost nightly, and it was there, six months later, that he asked me to marry him. Between bouts with the Charleston and Black Bottom, we exchanged ideas on life and literature and found we thought very much alike. We both admired Anatole France, Rabelais, Flaubert, Karl Marx, Swinburne, Mencken and Omar Khayyam. If he knew more of anthropology, I knew more about the arts, so our conversations were always exciting. We enjoyed with equal gusto an evening of ballet or of jazz, a Harlem theater, a labor meeting or a night at the opera.

The fact that he was dark and I fair gave an added fillip to our association. This was not surprising, for I, as the daughter of a Midwest Texas cattlemen and banker, had been pleasantly associated with Negroes all my life. My father had employed more colored than white hands in his various industries. I had ridden after cattle with the colored cowboys, gone hunting and fishing with them and my nephews on moonlit nights, and on rainy evenings played blackjack or poker with them on the back porch or in the big fragrant kitchens of one of our several homes.

As a child, the activities of the Negroes fascinated me. They were always doing something interesting — branding and dipping cattle, slaughtering hogs and sheep, shooting wild game or chasing coyotes out of the pastures, gathering pecans from the towering trees along the creeks. Good-naturedly, they let us white children

follow them as they went about their work. On social occasions they provided music for dancing and entertained our guests with cakewalks and songs. In short, they played an active and important part in our lives. My mother, watching us hang around the half-dozen colored laundresses when they gathered under the big oak trees in the back yard to do the weekly washing, would sigh, "You are just like your father. He never knew what class or color he was."

Thus I had much pleasant association with Negroes from the very beginning. I also knew of such association, in the reverse, among the grown-ups. Early I had found out that the deacon of a local Baptist church, a most respectable man, had had a colored companion for twenty years with everyone aware of the intimacy. I knew, too, that an important family there had numerous colored "cousins" whom they privately acknowledged and visited. I knew, besides, that the same system existed in my own family, with my father drawing no color line in his love life, and that my eldest brother, publicly thought to be childless, had a colored daughter attending school outside the state. So interracial love was not unknown in my environment.

II

In California, for the first time, I met educated Negroes in classes and studios. Like all intelligent Southerners, the Negro problem distressed me.

Reports from home and elsewhere about conflicts between whites and blacks following World War I touched me deeply, and my concern was greater as my outlook was broadened by my work for the woman suffrage movement, Irish freedom, the IWW's and Chinese and Hindu revolutionists. Whether I was working as a Mack Sennett bathing girl, dancing in the ballet, or attending school or labor rallies, a large portion of my income went to these causes and I economized gladly in order to make such contributions possible.

When I came to New York, I found the group of intellectual Negroes I met in Harlem more interesting than my Southern friends and relatives who made a midtown hotel their rendezvous. Any mention of the Negro, save in a servile role, infuriated them, while the thought of the eventual unionization of Southern workers alarmed and frightened them. In the light of what I had learned and had come to believe as a result of my work and interests I found them intellectually sterile. George had already asked me to marry him, and since the death of my mother there was nothing to hold me to my family. I made one last visit home to spend Christmas and then returned to New York and a new life.

After the civil ceremony at the Municipal Building, we drove to our new apartment in Harlem, overlooking St. Nicholas Park. There was never a happier bride. Neither of us harbored any racial prejudice. We felt

our decision to marry concerned no one but ourselves. My husband had been brought up in central New York among Irish, German and Italian people; he had as many warm memories of white folk as I had of colored.

People often wonder how a white wife is received in a colored neighborhood. Is she lonely? Is she ostracized? Is she in danger? Many seem eager to believe the worst. The simple fact is that if a white person conducts himself in a dignified, friendly way in Harlem, as elsewhere, he will be met in like manner. As for myself, I have made many friends among my colored neighbors. From the first I was cordially received by my husband's literary associates, and though I have since been told that some of his friends were concerned over the problems we might have to face, there was no outward evidence of it. Occasionally, a colored person has expressed regret that George did not marry a woman of his own race, but generally speaking, my life in Harlem has been most satisfactory.

The coming of our baby quieted all gossip that our marriage was just an "adventure" of which we soon would tire. When Philippa's precocity first became known, there were some comments to the effect that it was too bad her mother was white; conversely, others thought it was a shame her father was colored. However, even more people seemed intrigued by the fact that the offspring of a mixed marriage was a genius.

There is of course, a definite prob-

lem in rearing children of interracial parentage. When Philippa went to school and was taught that the people of Africa were savages, uncultured and wild, and then came home and saw exquisite bronzes sent us from Benin; carved ivory and gold jewelry from Africa's west coast; inlaid ivory, ebony and mahogany trays and chests, and embroidered leather pillows from Lagos; and superb statues from Liberia — all gifts from African friends — she was confused. She was loath to think her school books lied or that her instructors were misinformed. When her history books declared that the Southern slave had been happy and docile and had been "freed" by Abe Lincoln and she came home to read in her father's library that there had been 500 slave revolts, that a quarter of a million Negroes served in the Northern Army and Lincoln himself had said the war would not have been won without them, she did not know what to believe. This is the problem all educated Negro families face.

We decided that Philippa must face the facts early, but that the picture must be balanced by a close family life which would give her a feeling of great personal security. We sought from the very beginning to show Philippa that the difference in appearance of various groups was due to prolonged environmental influences, such as climate, soil, occupation, language and culture. We explained that what people became in the world was to a large extent dependent upon the accident

of opportunity and training. The result is that Philippa, at least thus far, has had a minimum of conflicts and leads a healthy mental life.

As soon as our daughter's extraordinary achievements gained wide publicity, I began to receive letters from childhood friends and relatives expressing an interest in my marriage and voicing a desire to meet my husband. My youngest brother, an amateur musician, wrote that he had listened to Philippa on the radio and was proud to be related to her. My sister-in-law came to her recital at the World's Fair in 1940 and was delighted with her niece and our home. When the most prejudiced member of my family lost her fortune during the depression and we were able to help her, she too became reconciled to our marriage.

III

Like all couples, we have had conflicts in our married life, but these have not risen from differences in color, but rather, have been due to differences in temperament. My husband is a Yankee, and in many respects, I remain a Southerner. George is orderly, objective, disciplined, cautious; I am emotional, reckless, genial, careless, generous and talkative. I improvise, and he works by method. He adores household mechanical gadgets, while I detest them and prefer the old-fashioned methods of beating eggs or sweeping floors. So we have clashes of "procedure," but

our aims have always been the same.

As a rule, Negro-white couples are more closely identified with the colored than with the white group. Negroes, while critical of interracial marriages, are usually more tolerant, and when they learn such couples are sincere and decent, they are friendly and cooperative.

Most of the Negro-white couples we number among our friends are professional people. Some of them live in the South. There, where such marriages are explicitly forbidden by law, they find it simple to explain that the paler member of the union has distant Negro ancestry, and under the American "one-drop" theory, their marriage is accepted. Immediately following the Civil War most laws forbidding intermarriage were repealed, but they were subsequently

re-enacted at the close of the Reconstruction Period. Although these laws are probably here to stay, they will continue to be ignored.

This is not to suggest that there can or will be any wholesale racial intermarriage in the United States in the immediate future. Most people seek more, not less, security in marriage, and there is still a large element of risk in such a union. Breaking down the age-old barriers of race prejudice and color discrimination is not quickly accomplished; in a country where mixed marriages are forbidden by law in twenty-nine states, and frowned upon in others, intermarriage of Negroes and whites is not easy. The race barrier, so to speak, is America's last frontier and it requires all the courage and determination of a pioneer to enter into an interracial marriage.



After the Mortal Storm —

But to pass from the extremes of danger to safety — from the tumult of war to the tranquillity of peace, though sweet in contemplation, requires a gradual composure of the senses to receive it. Even calmness has the power of stunning, when it opens too instantly upon us. The long and raging hurricane that should cease in a moment, would leave us in a state rather of wonder than enjoyment; and some moments of recollection must pass, before we could be capable of tasting the felicity of repose. There are but few instances, in which the mind is fitted for sudden transitions; it takes in its pleasures by reflection and comparison and those must have time to act, before the relish for new scenes is complete. . . .

To see it in our power to make a world happy — to teach mankind the art of being so — to exhibit, on the theater of the universe a character hitherto unknown — and to have, as it were, a new creation intrusted to our hands, are honours that command reflection, and can neither be too highly estimated, nor too gratefully received.

— THOMAS PAINE: *Thoughts on Peace*

HATE-MONGERS AMONG THE CLERGY

By JOHN ROY CARLSON

I AM a Republican. I supported Thomas E. Dewey and have always been strong for Senator Taft of Ohio but NEVER AGAIN! The one lone Democrat that I voted for and supported for several years is Senator Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado but NEVER AGAIN! Why? Simply because these gentlemen have asked that Palestine be given to the Jews . . .”

These sentiments weren't expressed by a half-crazed politician. They came from a clergyman. They appeared on October 19, 1945 in *Showers of Blessing*, a weekly compounding misinformation, superstition and hate which serves as organ of the House of Prayer for All People. *Showers of Blessing*, named after its self-styled messiah, William L. Blessing of Denver, Colorado, carries the pious subtitle: “A Weekly Journal in Loyalty to Christ.”

In the same issue Evangelist Blessing made his real loyalties perfectly clear: “Americans, I turn to the America First Party as the only hope of salvation for a free America. I was a member of the Ku Klux Klan and I

expect to renew my membership at the earliest possible date.”

Blessing was a ‘sleeper’ until V-J Day. He and many others of his ilk kept their venom to themselves for the duration. During the war, national unity was too strong to permit much encouragement; federal surveillance was too vigilant to allow much latitude. But now the lid is off. American “nationalism” is taking a second lease on life. Long silent after her indictment for sedition, Mrs. Lois de Lafayette Washburn (immortalized among her colleagues by thumbing her nose at the federal courthouse which was trying her) expressed the nationalist reconversion program succinctly: “We can now print anything and say anything we believe that is not libelous, and we can't be court-martialed for giving ‘aid and comfort to the enemy.’”

They're doing just that. Every day my mail is flooded with “nationalist” literature bewildering in variety and frightening in the thoroughness with which it blankets the country. It doesn't emanate from the so-called

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crackpots alone. It doesn't spring from swastika-toting Bundists. The swastika has been taboo in "patriotic" circles since Pearl Harbor. The poison weeds are growing in native American soil, cultivated by native American stock. They're germinating most profusely among the grass-roots of the Midwest, but no section of the country is free from them.

Blessing's revival is a symbol of the returning tide of pestilence, of prejudice and bigotry, hatred and racism. There are no statistics, but I estimate that even today this raucous minority numbers ten million or more in all its various shadings.

Blessing is an indication, too, of the quarter from which the reborn nationalist movement is drawing much of its leadership and its strength — from among preachers. Under the guise of religion, these preachers are pouring out a torrent of political and social invective. They're working at it with a missionary zeal. Blessing wrote me that his *Showers* descend on "the forty-eight states and Alaska, all the Canadian Provinces, Mexico and many other countries," and added:

As a writer I am busy about twelve hours every day and in addition to this I have the pastorate of a church and also give many sermon-lectures elsewhere every year. I have held two hundred meetings and each meeting has been held for twenty-nine days. I have preached two sermons every day and three sermons on Sunday . . . in each of those two hundred places. These meetings have been held in nearly every state.

The clerical-nationalist line is as confused as it is virulent. Some of its exponents invade the realm of politics to denounce the New Deal and all its works, or to attack international co-operation. They are using the Pearl Harbor inquiry to traduce our participation in the war; they're using any excuse at all to defame our British, Russian, and Chinese wartime Allies. Others remain on a pseudo-spiritual level, reserving their slander for the Catholics and the Jews. Even against these favorite whipping-boys, there is no universal agreement, for the ranks of the hate-mongers include Catholic priests as well as Protestant fundamentalists. Yet beneath their veneer of "patriotism" and their divergent rancors, the fanatic "nationalists" in American pulpits seem to share a common animus against the democratic way of life.

As yet no single organization binds these poison pulpiteers together. As their activities extend, however, the contacts between them multiply. As they draw closer together, they derive increasing sustenance from one another. Take Blessing again. His friends form a remarkably homogeneous group. He recently boasted:

It was my privilege to be entertained at dinner on Wednesday, October 10th by Mr. and Mrs. Gerald L. K. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Goff and Mr. Wesley Swift at the Argonaut Hotel. I have never met a finer group of Christians in all my life than these people, and I can say the same thing about Charles Bartlett Hudson of Omaha who was a guest at dinner in my home two months ago, and

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Winrod of Wichita, Kansas, who were guests in my home a year ago. Believe me, Smith, Winrod, and Hudson are real honest to God Christian gentlemen and able leaders in defense of the Constitution of the United States of America.

At this writing, Winrod is under indictment for seditious conspiracy. So is Hudson. The Rev. Swift is reported to have presided at Klan meetings in Los Angeles, the latest on October 16, 1945. Kenneth Goff, ex-communist but now a Gerald Smith protege, runs a so-called Christian Youth for America and is trying to cash in on the popularity of the Youth for Christ movement. As for Smith himself, he needs no introduction to AMERICAN MERCURY readers.

Begin at any point in this black network and the trail inevitably carries you deeper and deeper into a maelstrom of demagoguery. Let's begin with Blessing's friends.

II

The Rev. Gerald B. Winrod, one of the most influential preachers of the fundamentalist sect, works on a big scale. He broadcasts over a chain of stations, maintains missions in Puerto Rico, Cuba, and Liberia, and publishes a monthly magazine with a circulation of more than 125,000. Embarrassed neither by his sedition indictment nor by the approval which the Nazi propaganda organ, *World Service*, bestowed on him, Winrod is slashing away with redoubled ardor at Jews, Catholics, and New Dealers. He

now refers to Albert Einstein as a "pro-Communist German Jewish scientist." He has characterized the Catholic Church as the "harlot woman of the Bible." In the October 1945 issue of his *Defender* (with thousands of extra copies printed), Winrod's vilification of the New Deal reached an all-time low in a virulent and senseless attack upon the late President paralleling the worst that *Der Angriff* ever published:

Nero, a sadistic maniac, played his violin while Rome burned. Franklin Roosevelt played with his stamp collection, waiting for Pearl Harbor to be bombed.

Nero, a crowned wretch, as silly as he was cruel, imagined himself to be a great artist and conceived the idea of writing a poem on the destruction of Troy. To get inspiration, he caused Rome to be set on fire, and watched the flames roar upward from the palace roof.

Franklin Roosevelt imagined himself to be the greatest military strategist of all time and conceived the idea of involving his country in a war that would eventually make him President of the World. He watched the conflagration from the vantage point of the White House, in a wheel chair.

Winrod's hate-sheet is advertised in *Bible News Flashes* as a "monthly magazine of exceptional spiritual depth, prophetic, evangelical, missionary, Bible-teaching, Fundamental." *Bible News Flashes* is issued in Minneapolis by Dr. William D. Herrstrom. Subscription is 25 cents a year and it circulates widely throughout Minnesota, Wisconsin, the Dakotas and Nebraska. The words "Christ" and "Christianity" appear

more frequently in its eight pages than listings of "Smith" and "Jones" in the New York telephone book. At the same time this bizarre journal heaps odium on the people of whom He was born. For example:

The Jewish effort to cover up the truth about the Roosevelt ancestry during his administration, gave the public the idea that the F. D. R. regime was one which pitted Jew against Gentile; atheist against Christian; and Communist against those loyal and patriotic Americans who believe that our country should return to Constitutional government.

And who are these patriotic and loyal Americans? Herrstrom tells us: "Anyone with an ounce of common sense knows that the New Dealers were trying to SMEAR and SILENCE persons like Mrs. Dilling [under indictment for sedition] and Dr. Winrod, because they had EXPOSED the real BETRAYERS of America. America never produced any stronger defenders of Constitutional Americanism . . ."

Herrstrom's fulminations are reprinted in the *Western Voice*, a lively magazine published by a self-styled "Cowboy Evangelist" named Rev. Harvey Springer. Springer is also an ardent devotee of Winrod's "Christianity," subscribes to Gerald Smith's Nationalist News Service, and publishes Kenneth Goff's tirades as well. Springer dismissed the San Francisco Conference by saying: "If God is ruled out that is sufficient proof that the movement is of Satan." The lead article in his December 6, 1945 issue

begins: "The horrible truth of the Pearl Harbor catastrophe is now known. President Roosevelt and his administration invited the Japanese attack."

Anti-Catholicism is an essential ingredient in Springer's "Christianity." In July 1945, he wrote an article headlined "The Judgment of the Great Whore." The whore turned out to be the Roman Catholic Church, which, curiously enough, got its start in ancient Babylon. Springer concluded thus:

Mystery, Babylon the great, is the MOTHER of harlots and abominations of the earth . . . As a matter of conclusive identity between the paganism of Old Babylon, the reference in Jeremiah, the prophecy of Revelation, and Roman Catholicism as it exists today, we are reminded of Pope Leo XII and his famous "cup." Whenever nations have sipped from the "cup" of Romanism, those nations have become intoxicated on the wine of her paganism.

III

All of the poison pulpiteers are not in the Protestant fundamentalist ranks. The Catholic Church has its share as well. Now that Father Coughlin has been silenced by his bishop, his place has been taken by his ardent defender and disciple, Father Edward Lodge Curran. He is no crazed freak of the lunatic fringe. An aura of ecclesiastical prestige and respectability surrounds him, as it never did the rabble-rousing Coughlin. Trained in half a dozen colleges and schools of divinity, Curran was formerly dean of Cathedral

College. Today he is president of the International Catholic Truth Society and priest in charge of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church, one of the most affluent in Brooklyn. Several years before Pearl Harbor, Father Curran launched into a career of agitation with the publication of a booklet, *Spain in Arms*. The tract's adulation of the Falange and Franco earned him the respect of the Nazi *World Service* which promptly reprinted portions of it, and established him as a mainstay of the Christian Front movement. His presence dignified its scurrilous meetings. Soon he became recognized as the "Father Coughlin of the East."

In 1940 and 1941 he left his clerical duties to embark on a nationwide tour of what amounted to sabotaging — in the name of Americanism — the passage of Lend-Lease, the Conscription Act, and other national defense measures. He organized the Anti-War Crusaders, pleading for a negotiated peace with Hitler and excoriating the Administration as "Communist warmongers." Curran was not censured by his clerical superiors. He is still going in the same vein.

On November 29, 1945 he spoke for an hour at a "Save America Rally" in Brooklyn. It was called ostensibly to protest the "persecution" of Tyler Kent, the decoding clerk at our London Embassy who was convicted of passing vital State Department secrets to an Axis agent, Anna Wolkoff. Actually the rally was designed to spread Christian Front sen-

timent at a level somewhat higher than the ruffian goon squads of Father Coughlin's heyday ever reached.

Leading Christian Fronters were present. John Henihan and George Gunning, former Bronx and Manhattan leaders, served as officials. The Rev. Edward J. Brophy, author of "The Christian Front — Its Justification and Need," was present. Salesmen of *Social Justice*, members of the Christian Mobilizers and other assorted idealists were all on hand. C. Daniel Kurts, Queens Christian Front fuehrer, distributed leaflets which adjured no one ever to forget "that golden, silenced, voice of one of the most beloved men of America, that sterling patriot, that great and true disciple of Jesus Christ — Father Charles E. Coughlin — true priest and true American."

Curran denounced the Administration for involving us in war. He defamed our motives and belittled the Four Freedoms. He referred to Marshal Pétain as a "great and noble soul" and denounced De Gaulle as a coward. He ridiculed international collaboration and derided the Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco Conferences. "There should be meetings like this all over the country," he urged, "small groups and large, planning, dreaming, working for the welfare of America — practicing orthodox Americanism, not internationalism."

Father Curran is carrying on nobly in the Coughlinite tradition. His technique is a vast improvement over the blunt, frontal attacks of Coughlin.

His authority is untarnished by ecclesiastic censure. His exalted position in the Church, his large parish, his presidency of the Truth Society and the tremendous personal following attracted by his speeches give him a wide influence and a tremendous advantage over Father Coughlin.

His counterpart in the South, the Rev. Arthur Terminiello, of Alabama, lacks the suave dignity of his northern mentor but he yields to none in the virulence of his spleen. Perhaps it was frustration and failure as a missionary which sidetracked him from his calling of converting "Bible Belt" Negroes, Protestants, and sharecroppers to Catholicism. At any rate, two years ago he took up the gospel of hate. He made a series of defeatist broadcasts over an Alabama station and sent reprints to Coughlinites all over the nation. From Terminiello's headquarters and printing presses began to flow an endless stream of poison leaflets apparently calculated to slow up America's war effort, discourage the purchase of war bonds, weaken morale, and spread doubt and distrust of our Allies and our leadership. From all this Hitler emerged as a blameless Christian compelled by atheistic Russia, imperialist Britain, and the Communist war-mongers and New Dealers here to fight a defensive war. Terminiello announced that at least one of his poison leaflets had passed the million mark.

When the war ended, Terminiello became even bolder. In addition to denouncing Zionism as "treason" he

began to ring the changes on the Pearl Harbor theme. He obtained petitions urging an investigation of Pearl Harbor "criminals" and secured the support of Senator William D. Langer of North Dakota, who spoke in his behalf on the Senate floor. Last November he called for a "March of Death" on Washington "to demand punishment . . . of those [Americans] guilty of the Pearl Harbor disaster." The fantastic scheme went further. He organized a group called the Union of Christian Crusaders and patterned after Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice. Terminiello's program to bring American "war-mongers to justice" makes no mention of Nazi or Japanese warlords. It ends with this call to arms:

To make sure there will be no technical escape we are going to have proposed a Federal WAR CRIMINAL ACT which will call for hanging those who led this country into war and who create an "incident" which will lead us to war. Begin now to organize your CRUSADE CITADELS for this MARCH OF DEATH to the traitors . . . We will meet on the same day — and bring such men as John Roy Carlson, Walter Winchell . . . with us to stand trial.

On November 27 Bishop T. J. Toolen of the Mobile, Alabama, diocese, suspended his errant priest, citing Terminiello's refusal "to obey the orders of his Bishop to cease sending out literature which we feel is detrimental to the Church and the unity of our Country." In his anger and frustration, this aspiring Coughlin charged me with causing his suspen-

sion from the priesthood. I am not aware that the Roman Church has ever taken its orders from me.

Undaunted, Terminiello has already set up shop on private premises as a hate merchant. On occasion he uses the alias E. Harris to receive mail. He has established the Unique Publishing Services in Birmingham, Alabama, and is soliciting subscriptions for a weekly publication. In addition, he has opened a clearing house for the sale of nationalist literature. Shrewdly and self-consciously, Terminiello's statement of policies declares: "No literature which the enemies of our freedom MIGHT be [*sic*] construed as 'seditious' will be shipped to the members of our Armed Forces."

Beset by their discordant religious animosities, these hate-mongers as yet have few points of contact. Liaison, however, is not entirely lacking. There is a bridge between these two great wings of the clerical forces arrayed against democracy. That bridge is the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith. He fraternizes with both devout Catholics and Pope-baiters with equal zeal. In Detroit on September 27, 1945, for instance, he posed as the defender of Catholicism against "anti-Catholics." Catholic priests, he said, had commended his "patriotism" and named Father Edward J. Brophy. Time and again he implied that the Church had sanctioned his work and stated: "The Catholic Church knows that Gerald L. K. Smith is the enemy of their greatest enemy, the Christ-hating enemies of Christ." Two weeks later

Smith was dining with Klansman Blessing.

These occurrences do not represent ideological lapses on Smith's part. He apparently chooses his strange bed-fellows deliberately, pursuing a policy of uniting all dissident, malcontented elements in a combined assault on democracy. With consummate salesmanship he preaches the idea that Klansmen, Jew-baiters, Catholic-baiters, Bundists, Black Legionnaires, Silver Shirts, Nazis, America Firsters, convicts and sundry political cutthroats can and should unite in a common army of liberation to fight for "Americanism" and "Christianity" against "Communism." Hitler came to power in Germany on precisely such an appeal to mobsters, clerical exponents of the corporate state and short-sighted industrialists.

In his magazine Smith printed one of Father Edward Lodge Curran's adulatory sermons on Coughlin and explained its appearance in these terms: "Many of the readers of this magazine are non-Catholics, and many of us do not agree on all Christian doctrines, but most of us are aware of the fact that Father Charles E. Coughlin has been the victim of a ruthless program of anti-Christian persecution."

IV

What are the churches doing to curb their wayward clergy? The answer is — not enough.

No superior body exists to regulate

or control Protestantism's nationalist preachers. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America has no jurisdiction over mushrooming evangelical groups. A counter-organization, at loggerheads with the Federal Council, has some authority over a small number of fundamentalist preachers, but this body — the American Council of Christian Churches — is shot through with a virulent anti-Catholicism. The American Council is directed from quiet, suburban Collingswood, New Jersey, by the Rev. Carl McIntire, who regards the Federal Council as bordering on the "Communist."

The authority of the Roman Church is centralized; it can govern its clergy much more easily than can Protestant agencies. Due credit must be given to the efforts of many of its prelates to foster tolerance and cooperation. Last May, Archbishop Cushing delivered an eloquent plea before a Jewish war veterans auxiliary in Boston, saying: "Some of your people are occasionally led to think ill of some of mine; some of my people are similarly victimized with regard to you. Let us each be very careful. There are those who would gladly embarrass both of us." Cardinal Spellman has also warned against bigotry in the postwar period.

However, the Catholic hierarchy, assuming it has the authority, has not always exercised its powers promptly or extensively. It was years before Coughlin was silenced, and Father Curran still preaches what amounts

to Coughlinism. Further, no explanation has been offered for a banquet held in Boston in October, 1945 by 700 ardent Coughlinites in honor of their hero's birthday. Monsignor Osais Boucher of Fall River, Massachusetts, congratulated the gathering on its loyalty to Coughlin's principles.

To returning veterans who performed so magnificently against Democracy's military enemies, it must seem disquieting to see and hear on the home networks the same lies, distortions and calumnies they heard over the Nazis short-wave. Even though we have triumphed in one phase of our war against Hitler — the military phase — we have so far emerged a poor second in the battle of ideas.

The job of winning the peace on the home front is a staggering task. Beside it, all other aspects of reconversion pale. To reconvert psychologically to the ways of peace, we must first learn to live with ourselves. International collaboration will follow as a natural consequence. The pulpit is both the logical and hopeful place for engendering the sense of brotherhood which will strengthen the sinews of democracy, and fortify it against the political storms of the coming years.

The overwhelming majority of American clergymen are cognizant of this need. However, a small but potent minority are bringing shame to their calling. Their poison pulpits, unfortunately, are claiming many believing souls. Their black venom is menacing the American way of life.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, ORIENTAL STYLE

BY ALBERT PARRY

I RIDE a hobby horse and it is not stamps or coins or samurai swords, but English. Yes, the English language as "she is spoke" and especially written in Japan, China, India, and wherever else alien people have been attempting to use it.

Collecting such items has been a habit of mine for years. If a party at my house falls into a dull lull, guests are sure to perk up when an exhibit of what I call "off-base English" is read aloud.

Try this one, for instance, on your friends if they start to slump. It's a set of instructions issued in pre-war Japan for the benefit of English and American tourists. Entitled "Rules of the Road," it instructs thusly:

At the rise of the hand of policeman stop rapidly. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.

Whenever a passenger of the foot hove in sight tootle the horn trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstacles your passage tootle him with vigor and express by word of the mouth the warning 'Hi-Hi.'

Beware of the wandering horse that he shall not take fright as you pass him. Do not explode the exhaust at him. Go sooth-

ingly by, or stop by the roadside till he pass away.

Give big space to the festive dog that make sport in the roadway. Avoid entanglement of dog with your wheel spokes.

Go soothingly or the grease-mud, as there lurk the skid demon. Press the brake of the foot as you roll around the corners and save the collapse and tie-up.

And speaking of travelers in pre-war Nippon, this helpful sign greeted them in Yokohama: "Give Us Your Baggage and We Will Send It in All Directions." However, it is not advisable to do unto the Japanese as they would do unto others. The baggage department of the American Airlines in Los Angeles received this brief but expressive letter from a customer of pre-Pearl Harbor days:

Mr. Baggage Man
American Airlines
United States of Los Angeles
Gentleman dear sir.

I damn seldom where my suitcase are. She no fly. You no more fit to baggage master than for crysake thats all I hope. Whats the matter you?

Itu Hisuki

Time was when those Japanese who spoke and wrote English did a pretty

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fair job of it. But, to quote from an English-language tome on *The Practical Use of Conversation for Police Authorities* published in Tokyo some fifty years ago: "Those Japanese who acquired a little of foreign language, think that they have the knowledge of foreign countries, as Chinese, English or French, there is nothing hard to success what they attempt." It was at the dawn of this century that certain Nipponese, instead of going on with their studies, decided they knew enough. They rushed into teaching others. And their pupils eventually taught still others. Being second- and third-hand English, it was rather inadequate. Hugh Byas swears he once saw in Tokyo a man carrying this sandwich-sign: "Scholar of English Language. Lessons Given in English up to the Letter 'G.'"

Some such scholars even risked writing short stories in English, as witness this gem published in the *Japan News Week* of Tokyo:

In the country the around is very quietness. How lonely it is invades the mind's crack. In my child time my knowledge was ignorant, but I finished up the schools of my village with eleven years. And my thought was full of hazardous enterprise. Can you suppose what it was? I wanted that I can go to Tokyo for study at any college. I was a little hope for it; like I open my room's shoji and peep the outside.

But I went to my father's room full of deep scare. My heart beat high and low. I sat on the mats at his front and bowed.

'Yes,' he said, arranging his attitude. 'On what purpose did you come. You are silent so that I cannot guess your mind.'

When the Far Eastern "around"

ceased being "very quietness," certain Nipponese tried to explain that Japan was an exception, in Japan "real peace coming at all times." Here is a message found in a seed catalogue circa 1938:

From some letters, recently received from our oversea's customers, we are anxious that some of our friends are considering that our many stuffs were going to War, and our business were rotten, so we have to inform you that no one member of our stuffs has been going to the Chinese War, and also the War only doing in China, and no one Chinese airplanes has been flown over Japanese sky. In our country real peace coming at all times, as Japanese are lovers of PEACE. Some very little percentage of Japanese are fighting against unnumerable Chinese Chan's army, for Oriental Peace. The real Oriental Peace will coming in very soon, by a victory of strong Japanese army and Navy. If you have been received another reports from Newspaper they are all demagogues whoopers from Chinese side. Japanese are just people, so they have been defeated from Chinese characteristic whoppers which informed over the world from Chinese Government.

With Pearl Harbor, an avalanche of Anglicized persuasiveness poured our way from Japan. Two examples of this verbal indigestion will give you the flavor of all of it. This handbill to the natives of Tulagi Island in the Solomons was tacked on the tropical trees late in 1941 and early 1942:

We Guarantee Your Life and Property

Nippon has declared war against United State of America and England and is going to the glorious war with them to keep the independence and honour of the Yellow Race

Already Navy of Nippon is wining a Victory everywhere, and occupied all Bis-

marck archipelago. Therefore you don't belong to the sovereignty of England but the sovereignty of Nippon.

See your circumstances in past time!

There is nothing but oppression and squeeze of the White Race!

Follow us!

and happiness and wealth will be given.
Navy of Nippon

American troops were the recipients of an equally curious pronunciamiento dropped in leaflets from a Japanese plane over the Palau Islands in the autumn of 1944:

Poor reckless Yankee doodle

Do you know about the naval battle done by the American 58th Fleet at the sea near Tarwan (Formosa) and Philippine

Japanese powerful Air Force had sank their 19 aeroplane carriers 4 battle ships, 10 several cruisers and destroyers along with sending 1261 shipaeroplanes into the sea

From this reason, we think that you can imagine what shall happen next around Palau upon you

The fraud Roosevelt, handing the President election under his nose and from his policy ambition, worked not poor Nimitz but also MacCasir [MacArthur] like a robot Like this, what is pity, must be sacrifice you make

Thanks for your advice notes of surrender But we haven't any reason to surrender to those who are fated to be totally destroyed in a few days later

Add to you, against the manner of your attack paying no heed to humanity, your God shall make Japanese force to add retaliative attack upon you

Saying again, against the attack paying no heed to humanity contrary to the mutual military spirits, you shall get an very stern attack We mean an cruel attack Japan Military

And now the reckless Yankee-Doodles are good customers as well as

conquerors in Nippon. Once more, as in the halcyon days of Lafcadio Hearn, there are "divers shop-signs bearing announcements in absurd attempts at English." In the fall and winter of 1945 Japanese storekeepers had recourse to such polite inscriptions as the one in a jeweler's window near Yokohama: "Articli out of stock — not to exist the repair watch."

II

H. G. Wells in *The New Machiavelli* spoke of "a progressive Chinaman [who] might teach English to the boys of Pekin clumsily, impatiently, with rod and harsh urgency, but sincerely, patriotically," feeling "that behind it lay revelations, the irresistible stimulus to a new phase of history." Professor Harley F. MacNair of the University of Chicago, an old China hand, tells me that on the whole, the Chinese, despite their linguistic foibles, speak and write better English than the Japanese. Perhaps this enthusiasm for the subject has something to do with it, but there are other reasons as well. W. G. Aston in *A History of Japanese Literature* remarks that one of the difficulties in translating English into Japanese or vice versa "arises from the fact that a Japanese word frequently covers a meaning which is only approximately the same as that of the corresponding English term, or calls up quite different associations." Chinese-English intercourse is apparently less afflicted with this troublesome handicap. Chinese sometimes

write and speak English with a profound, classical beauty.

You will recall the famous story of Wellington Koo who was attending a banquet in Washington where one of the diners was unaware of Mr. Koo's identity. "Likee soupee?" inquired the American. Mr. Koo nodded. "Likee roastie?" Again a nod. And so on, to the coffee and dessert. In the ensuing period of after-dinner speeches, Mr. Koo was called upon to make a few remarks, which he did with his customary skill in English. Then, turning to the astounded neighbor, he asked: "Likee speechee?"

A cultured Chinaman also resents the prevalent American belief that his English must conform to the Orient's flowery standards of super-politeness. A story is told of Dr. Hu Shih's response to a telegram from a Washington hostess inviting him to her house. The lady phrased her invitation in what she thought was the best Eastern manner: "O sage and honorable sir, deign to honor our humble board, etc. etc." Dr. Hu wired back in his crispest Americanese: "Can do. Hu Shih."

This is not to deny that some Chinese mangle English with incredible abandon and even teach the sad result to other Chinese. A book published in Shanghai under the title, *Correctly English in Hundred Days*, contains such pearls as this one:

This book is prepared for the Chinese young man who wishes to served for the foreign firms. It divided nearly hundred and ninety pages. It contains full of ordinary speak and write language. This book

is clearly, easily, to the Chinese young man or scholar. If it is quite understood, that will be satisfaction.

An occasional Chinese takes his instruction in English too literally. "Thank you sir or madam, as the case may be," said a Chinese student at the University of Michigan when handed a cup of tea during a campus reception. Some of the Chinese shop-signs in English are funnier, intentionally or not, than those noted by Lafcadio Hearn and later observers in Nippon. While a Japanese barber advertises, "Head Cutter," a Tsingtao barber proclaims: "Haircutting Done While You Wait." In a Japanese port a sign informs, "Tailor Native Country. Draper, Milliner and Ladies Out-fatter," but in Shanghai a dressmaker goes one better: "Come In and Have a Fit."

The missionary influence may be responsible for the apothecary's sign quoted in Graham Peck's *Through China's Wall*: "False Eyes and Dental Plumbing Inserted by the Latest Methodists." A Chinese student once told me that he was residing "in Jesus Hotel." It turned out to be the local Y.M.C.A. (And this reminds me of an inscription on a Christmas cake done by a Filipino cook to please his American employer: "Hurrah for Jesus!")

III

Letters from the Orient written in what passes for English constitute a specially treasured division in my collection. The prize item is this favorite

of old China hands, supposed to have originated in Shanghai:

I am ——. It is for my personal benefit that I write to ask for a position in your honourable firm.

I have a flexible brain that will adapt itself to your business and in consequence bring good efforts to your honourable selves. My education was impressed upon me in the Peking university, in which place I graduated Number One. I can drive a typewriter with good noise, and my English is great.

My references are of the good, and should you hope to see me they will be read by you with great pleasure.

My last job left me of itself for the good reason that the large man was dead. It was on no account a fault of mine.

So, honourable sirs, what about it? If I can be of big use to you, I will arrive on some date that you should guess.

This specimen is from Bombay, India:

Most honoured Sir:

Understanding there are several hands wanted in your Honour's Department I beg to offer my hands.

As to my adjustments I appeared from the Matriculation examination at Ory, but failed, reason for which I will describe to begin with my writing was illegible, that was due to clemat reasons, for I having come from a worm clemat to a cold one found my fingers stiff and very disobedient to my wishes.

Further I have received a great shok to my mentil sistem in the shape of the death of my only fond brother, besides, most Honoured Sir. I beg to state that I am in very uncomfortable circumferences being the soul support of my fond brother's seven issue Konsisting of three adults and four adultresses, the latter being the ban of my existence oing to my having to support my own two wives as well as their issue of which God's misfortune the feminine gender predominates.

If by wonderful good fortune these humble lines meet with your bening kindness and favourable turn of mind, I the poor menial shall ever pray for the long life and prosperity of your self and postumous olive branches.

A plea for reinstatement is in the same category of breadwinners' cries of distress. This letter also comes from India:

Mr. F. Symonds
District Officer, Abookuta
Kind Sir:

On opening this epistle you will behold the work of a dejobbed person and a very bewifed and much childrenized gentleman, who was violently dejobbed in a twinkling by your good self. For Heaven's Sake, sir, consider this catastrophe as falling on your own hand, and remind yourself on walking home at the moon's end to five savage wives and sixteen veracious children with your pocket filled with non-existent £s.d. and a solitary sixpence.

When being dejobbed and proceeding with a heart and intestines filled with misery in this den of doom, myself did greedily contemplate culpable homicide, but him who protected Daniel (poet) safe through the lion's den will protect his servant in his home of evil.

As to the reason given by yourself esquire for my dejobment the incrimination was laziness. No Sir. It were impossible that myself who has pitched sixteen infant children into this vale of tears can have a lazy atom in his mortal frame, and a sudden departure of £11 has left me on the verge of destitution and despair.

I hope this vision of horror will enrich your dreams this night and the good Angel will meet and pulverize your heart of nether milestone so that you will awaken with such alacrity as may be compatible with your personal safety will hasten to rejobulate your servant.

So mote it be. Amen.

Akuko Subash

In making this letter public, Mr. Symonds appended his own PS:

Gentle Reader, do not sob,
Akuko Subash has been rejobbed.

This kind of linguistic massacre is known in India as *Babu*, or Bamboo English. Originally *Babu* was a Hindu term of scorn to describe a Bengali clerk who writes English. In *Things Indian*, William Crooke attributes the deficiencies of these clerks to "the system of education in the Indian universities, which busy themselves about the superstructure when they ought to be digging the foundations of learning." In such classes too much time was spent paraphrasing poetry and other literary English of the eighteenth century. Wesley M. Manley, an American missionary's son who spent thirteen years of his boyhood in India, commented a decade ago on the peculiarities of a Bengalese *Babu*: "He has a style of his own. Failing in examinations seems to be mentioned with some pride. This is characteristic. In India, the B.A. degree is split into two parts — F.A. (First Arts) and the regular B.A., each section requiring two years to accomplish. Thus, four degrees are available: F.A. Failed, F.A. Passed, B.A. Failed and B.A. Passed. All are used with pride."

But though purists may fume, collectors of Babuiana rejoice. And to date the greatest of all joys is aroused by this rhetorical outburst — a plea sent "to Babu Kaly Churan Ghose, father of Miss Churan Ghose, from Moti Lall Chatterjee, ex-student of Calcutta University" reading:

Dear Sir:

It is with faltering penmanship that I write to have communication with you about the prospective condition of your damsel offspring. For remote time past secrete passion has firing my bosom inter-nally with loving for your daughter. . . .

Needless would it be for me to numerically extemporize the great conflagration that has generated in my heart. During the region of nightness my intellectual cranium has been entangled in thoughtful attitude for my beloved consort. Nocturnal slumberlessness has been the infirmity which has besieged my now degenerate constitution. My educational ability have abandoned me, and now I cling to those lovely long tresses for your much coveted daughter like mariner shipwrecked. . . .

As to my scholastic calabre, I was recently ejected from Calcutta University. I am now masticating and will make a motion as soon as I can perceive the business of life a little laxative.

I am of lofty and original lineage and independent incomes and hoping that having debated proposition in your most pregnant mind you will concordantly corroborate in espousing female progeny to my tender bosom and thereby acquire me into your family circle as your faithful and most obedient son-in-law.

Moti Lall Chatterjee

Today, with Americans and American influence penetrating every corner of the globe, more and more foreigners are struggling with the intricacies of English. To the collector of off-base English, the prospect is dazzling. Yet a word of caution should be added for the benefit of indiscriminate enthusiasts. Pidgin English is a bird of different feather, a dry dish for professional philologists, neither as gay nor as significant as this off-base English of my preference.

CEDAR OF LEBANON

A Story

By JAMES STILL

Old Sarum, Tenn.
March Second

MR. TALT SORRELS
Thoms Reach, Tenn.
Dear Mr. Sorrels:

I wouldn't know you from Adam's off-ox, and I don't come meddling with a horn pipe in my mouth. But a mighty wind of talk is blowing out of Thoms Reach, and it concerns the Man Above, and what's His territory is mine. For sixty years I've preached amongst the mountains of Harnett County. My job on the earth is to watchdog the flock, spy the beast wearing the lamb's coat. I'm writing to say you face eternal brimstone.

The soldier boys are relating strange things, ones waxing a body's ears to hear. I play quiet-bob. They fit a good fight across the waters, risked necks and slayed the enemy. I forgive if sights grow big in their mouths. My own grandson swears he climbed a tower in Pisa, a tower leaning on air, against nature and the will of the Almighty. But his is a lie-tale that won't spoil a chance of Hereafter. But peo-

ple say you've come home bearing a mortal falsehood. It unlocks my throat.

Folks tell you've been to the Holy Land, and brought back a cedar sprout. Man, this cross grains my sixty years of ministry. Only the dead and sanctified journey to that Country. I can't listen with my lips snapped like a turtle's mouth. The fires of Torment crackle for your hide.

Talt Sorrels, hush the wild talk. You're riding a horse with blind staggers. Saddle a fresh mount. If you're bound to rattle at the mouth tell of seeing thirty-foot snakes as one character I could name swears he saw in Africa. Or of a people in a hot country with lips big as saucers. Of a tombstone in Egypt covering thirteen acres. Or such like as I've heard, and which doesn't canker the soul.

Hark my words. Split the cedar for kindling. And live so a preacher won't be trafficking with Satan when the day comes to hold a funeral over your coffin.

GATH CROWNOVER

JAMES STILL is author of numerous short stories and a novel, *River of Earth*. After nearly four years in uniform, he is back at his Kentucky mountain farm.

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Old Sarum, Tenn.
March Eleventh

MR. TALT SORRELS
Thoms Reach, Tenn.
Mr. Sorrels:

Open your mouth and out jumps a toad frog. What will leap forth next? Word comes you have a piece of marble dug from King Solomon's quarry. Only had you followed the pattern of others, bringing home knives, guns and relics. A neighbor's boy has a chip of Gibraltar rock. My grandnephew made a watch charm of a toe he knocked off a statue. And there's enough brought-on weapons around Old Sarum to pitch a battle. Yet you're the one who fetched a monster. Hasn't mixing in a terrible war contented your blood? Won't nothing this side of Armageddon settle you?

Your lies are spreading like a pocks. A schoolteacher asked yesterday, "Have you learnt one of the Thoms Reach Sorrels visited the Holy Land?" I spoke cold, "I've heard the world has the round of a ball, and water falls uphill, but hearing's not believing." The teacher allowed, "He might have gone. Pilgrims go by the thousands." I says, "A host rise from the grave and fly there. None now walking the earth."

I haven't stayed home my enduring life. I've traveled a speck and viewed wonders. Two hangings I've witnessed. I've felt the earth quake, and I saw Halley's comet. I've seen northern lights flash to Tennessee. Yet I've known of nothing to match your claim of reaching Up Yonder alive,

and coming back with a sprig of greenery and a marble rock to prove it.

Listen. The Book speaks of the roc, a mighty bird of plunder. And of the unicorn. Did you fetch a roc's feather? Or the single horn of the beast? Now, no. They dwell on the firmament, away in the sky.

Don't mark me a shellhead — one who turns facts like a duck sheds damp. Some things are truth, known without seeing. Lee Trant's boy flew three thousand miles and never lit once. Roan Thomas's son bore no gun in battle. He fit with balls of fire spouted from a nozzle. Helvetian Smith was an underwater sailor, traveled the bowels of the seas, his air stored in tanks, victuals dry and in plenty, and he sank enemy ships into the deep. I fling my hat to the boys who punished the foe.

Talt, quit baaing in the fashion of a broken-mouth ram. Destroy the cedar as you would a rattlesnake. It won't grow, even with the powers of darkness cherishing the roots. The marble ought to make a fine razor hone.

GATH CROWNOVER

Old Sarum, Tenn.
March Twenty-first

TALT SORRELS:

A dunce I was to name Armageddon. Along comes word you've been there. Apples of Eden! Have you visited the Jumping Off Place? Are you partners with Old Scratch? Your tongue is a worm that never dies. The way matters are shaping they'll have

to beg a preacher to handle the funeral on your burying day.

I've locked horns with that school-teacher. He puts me in mind of an ant trying to eat a bale of hay. A bunch of nimble squirrels keep the schools these days. This fellow pulls a eighth grade geography on me. He showed a map, naming a country called Palestine. A dot stood for Jerusalem, a dot for Tiberius, an ink patch for the Dead Sea. The map was drawn clever. It stumped me a minute. What were they doing in a textbook taught to chaps at a tender age, before they had years to measure wisdom? Then light struck. It came spring-clear. I said, "Anybody wide between the eyes ought to understand this thing." And I didn't waste time explaining to the witty.

Keep in head my sixty years of ministry. Had I thought or dreamt you'd been to the Promised Land a team of bull steers couldn't have held me. Over to Thoms Reach I would have hied, and asked a peck of questions. How fared the people where ten thousand years is a day.

A question has itched my mind. While soldiering how did you get to traipse all over creation? Why weren't you for ever in the battle, chastising the enemy. Upon my word and honor I believe you hung back.

I've striven mightily with you. I've writ letters, licked stamps, spent ink and paper trying to purge your sorry heart and get you to shun forbidden ground. But you're buckled to the Diel. I've cut toe-holds on the down

road, yet you seem bound for perdition. There's little time left to change horses.

GATH CROWNOVER

Old Sarum, Tenn.

April Second

TALT SORRELS:

The word comes you are shoveling fertilizer to the cedar, trying to force it to grow and make me out a liar. They say you've got it fenced against people stealing a limb, in the same way that they surrounded the sire of the Golden Delicious apple in West Virginia.

And here at Old Sarum a school-teacher is low-rating me. The claim goes I'm villifying a soldier boy, saying his trip to the Holy Land is a pack of lies. The teacher started the mud ball rolling. An awful come-off for a preacher to get dirt slung on him when he has lived a fair life, married one woman and clung to her, and attended souls sixty years.

A fellow who would peddle such talk ought to swallow his tongue and choke to death.

I'm not claiming you didn't go to Palestine. It was the mixing of Up Yonder with that place which stuck in my craw. I believe to my heart you visited a country called the Holy Land, a dead lake, a field named Armageddon. My cry is they were named after the ones On High, like Paris, Tennessee, named for a city across the waters, and London, Kentucky, called to honor an old town. And the Holy Land on earth is the namesake of the

One Above. I'm just trying to knock into people's skulls you didn't go to Glory, a fact which any critter broad between the ears ought to understand.

Folks complain I've been too hard on you, and think I ought to call off the dogs.

Since you've not broken the truth for a spell I'm willing if you keep guard on what flees your teeth from now on. Lies weigh a man. They're useless as dung tags hanging a sheep.

To prove my heart beats the left side of my body I hope your tree lives. Wish I had a limb for a curiosity. I'm not a person who's ashamed to swap nags when the one I'm astraddle goes lame.

GATH CROWNOVER

Old Sarum, Tenn.
April Eighth

DEAR TALT SORRELS:

I got the branch of cedar you mailed. It came like the sprig of greenery Noah's dove delivered to the ark. I aim to plant it. I hope it grows to be the wonder of the mountains. I'll say, "Here's a living sermon. It's a promise of Hereafter."

The next funeral I handle around Thoms Reach I'll stop by. I've got a bushel of questions to ask about Palestine. A country named after the Holy Land ought to be a mighty lesson to folks dwelling there. Do they abide in brotherly love? And I hear you fetched water from the River Jordan. I want to beg a few drops.

GATH CROWNOVER



IN MEMORIAM

BY EDITH HENRICH

OUR fathers were enormous; we could walk beside their moving knees and feel the ground beneath us tremble at the mighty sound of one giant laughing at another's talk. Or was it we who trembled? Clinging thus to such tremendous shadows, it was worth our childish awe to know they owned the earth whose pleasant profits would pass on to us.

But as we grew, the world became much smaller; its oceans were like ponds; we realized then our comrades were a race of little men: we raised our frantic arms, — and were no taller! Our fathers sleep with dollars on their eyes in graves diminished to a human size.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Plays of Unpopular Merit

THE primary critical weakness of play reviewing as practiced by most of the daily newspapers is its obvious basic conviction that it should tell or at least intimate to readers what plays they should or should not see. Its secondary weakness is that the readers often put faith in it and obediently follow its guidance. Its tertiary weakness is that they are often deeply gratified.

All this may be very satisfactory to the papers' business offices, and in various instances equally so to the theatres', but it is considerably less so to the estate of the theatre, drama, and drama criticism. I offer two recent illustrations: Harry Brown's *A Sound of Hunting* and John van Druten's *The Mermaids Singing*. Both plays, from a strictly critical point of view, had some real merit; both were given poor notices by the majority of the newspaper reviewers; both, it was to be admitted from the latter's point of view, were not the kind of plays the preponderance of their readers were likely to admire; and both duly failed to do business, the first named having to close after only twenty-three performances. Meanwhile, at least two other plays, *Deep Are the Roots* and *State of the Union*, which were dis-

tinctly inferior from any sound critical viewpoint but which were good shows for the popular trade, were highly touted and consequently were established as big box-office successes.

The situation is not restricted to the several plays mentioned. It repeats itself every year. And in it we may perceive one of the reasons why our theatre's artistic advance is as lamentably slow as it is. The reviewers are not entirely and justly to be blamed. They have certain jobs to fill, and they fill them pursuant to the unwritten but none the less self-appreciated rules. They may now and then find their personal tastes and prejudices at variance with the spook rules and may occasionally rebel and let critical independence take its course. Or they may be so critically constituted that what is popular is most greatly to their personal taste, in which case the unwritten rules do not at all trouble them. But in both cases they for the most part willingly follow the bell-cow, which is the public.

This is not to say, of course, that a critically sound play may intermittently not at the same time be a popular play. It may well be. But not very often, as things presently go in our theatre. It is rather and simply to say

that three-fourths of the plays which the reviewers endorse are without the genuine quality, or even relative quality, of some of those which they disparage. It would, in this direction, require a peculiar critical equipment to believe, for example, that a discredited fantasy like *A Highland Fling* was less worthy than an endorsed one like *Blithe Spirit*, that a denounced drama like *Outrageous Fortune* was less meritorious than a praised one like *The Searching Wind*, or that a dismissed offering like *Dark of the Moon* was far from the stature of a eulogized one like *Anna Lucasta*.

II

Difference of opinion may, as the saying goes, make horse races, but there is some reason to suspect that it does not necessarily make good dramatic criticism. There are, after all, established standards of criticism and accepted bases, which, I hope, need not again be entered into here. Among the attributes of such criticism are taste, training, experience, courage, exploratory skill, the validity of personal prejudice, and a variety of other desiderata. If you prefer Congreve and I prefer Philip Barry, difference of opinion is no excuse. You are a sound critic, and I am a dunce, and that is all there is to it.

It is thus that the reviewer who esteems, as he has esteemed, a play like *The Corn Is Green* above one like *My Heart's in the Highlands* or a play like *The Glass Menagerie* above one like

Chesterton's *Magic* — I deliberately choose secondary specimens — is, while he may be entitled to his opinions, scarcely entitled to pass them off for anything approaching drama criticism.

The theatre is not, or should not be, a mere popular amusement mill, certainly not in the view of any man whose profession is criticism and whose pride in and for the theatre is relevantly high. To so regard it is to debase not only criticism but the practitioner of it himself. One does not accept money from a street-walker, and that is what the theatre is when it sells itself promiscuously to seekers of transient pastime and transient gratification. "Only the ablest critics," Bernard Shaw has written, "believe that the theatre is really important. In my time none of them would claim for it, as I claimed for it, that it is as important as the Church was in the Middle Ages and much more important than the Church was in London in the years under review. A theatre to me is a place 'where two or three are gathered together'." And then, with forgivable vanity, "The apostolic succession from Æschylus to myself is as serious and as continuously inspired as that younger institution, the apostolic succession of the Christian Church."

When we hear talk of the decline of the theatre it is not the theatre which has declined; it is rather only and occasionally that smaller part of it, the stage.

As to that stage, I quote again, this time O'Casey, from an inscription in the latest volume of his sterling auto-

biography, *Drums Under the Windows*, bespeaking a comradeship of all those who tilt "for righteousness, deep sorrow, the loud, reckless laugh, the stirring dance, and the gay song in the theatre; the voice of man speaking his best, in good round terms, finding loveliness in the murk of a dark night, or the sunniness of a fine, fair day."

III

To revert to the Brown and van Druten plays offered in illustration of the reviewing attitude, neither, it is to be granted, is anything to get too critically excited about, but both in their different ways are far superior to the run of plays of their kind. The former seems to me to be, indeed, the best American play dealing with soldiers at war since the Anderson-Stallings *What Price Glory?*, and the latter one of the best sex comedies, along with the same author's *The Voice of the Turtle*, which is the worthier of the two, that the local stage has uncovered in an appreciable number of years. These are relative virtues, I appreciate, but though relative criticism may be scholastically deplorable, it is relative values with which this particular disquisition is brought to deal.

Brown's *A Sound of Hunting*, like van Druten's *The Mermaids Singing*, suffers the reviewers' stings for reasons that are largely uncritical. Both have been found wanting not so much on dramatic critical grounds as on purely theatrical. Thus, though the former is a very much better play than the

great majority of plays that have treated similarly of soldiers, the circumstance that we already have had other plays with the same characters and something of the same characters' speech and conduct is held against it. The fact that it handles its subject matter much more expertly is regarded as of small account, and criticism lodged against it simply on the ground of superficial Broadway similarity. This similarity in this specific case is critically of no slightest consequence. Brown has taken familiar materials and with something approaching poetic imagination has given them overtones not even faintly sounded in the other plays of a kidney. At only one point — his unintentional travesty of the war correspondent — does he sink to the commonplace level. In the main, he has embroidered the materials with a health of humor and an honesty of feeling that resolve them into valid and stimulating drama.

The play has been compared by a number of the reviewers, to its disadvantage, with the similar all-male cast British play of the previous World War, *Journey's End*. The derogatory comparison is illuminating. *Journey's End* was of sentimentality all compact, and hence just the sort of theatrical fare to the taste of the majority of theatregoers. In the Brown play there is no sentimentality, and hence its appeal is restricted to those who can distinguish between realistic sentiment and its manufactured greasepaint copy.

In *The Mermaids Singing*, van Druten also exercises his skill upon familiar

materials: the middle-aged married man with whom a young girl falls in love and who, though fetched by her in turn, hesitates between practical common sense and romance. But here again the materials have been subjected to so much wit, insight, and worldly intelligence that they lose all trace of dust and emerge for the major part with considerable sheen.

The argument of the play is adultery pro and con. With nimble fingers, van Druten strums the black and white keys and evokes some lively tunes both for and against. Never vulgar, never cheap, always graceful-minded and literate, he toys with the various chords and, while evoking no startlingly new melody, at least avoids the dissonances which so many of his colleagues in the writing of sex comedy seem to think are philosophical equivalents of those of Richard Strauss.

Van Druten's shrewd trick is the statement of the immoral in terms of the moral. And his even shrewder trick is to induce in his audience apology for and sympathy with moral lapse with no slightest emphasis on his own part. He is in many respects, now that he has left his native England and become a citizen of the Republic, not only the ablest but the most entertaining writer of sex comedy that we have. Behrman, who once held that position, has permitted social conscience, politics, economics and other such comedy ills to take their dramatic revenge on him. And Vincent Lawrence, though remaining aloof

from such extrinsic elements, while still showing signs of his old expertness has in late years failed to live up to his praiseworthy beginnings. Van Druten thus seems for the time being to have the field to himself.

IV

In our theatre, sex is most usually treated in one of three ways. The first is in terms of tragedy, often with a melodramatic pitch. The second is in terms of farce, often with a smutty pitch. The third is in terms of a philosophy that is found to be somewhere between the boyhood short and long pants period. In the first instance, the consequences of sex are either mortal punishment or one that leaves a hapless imprint upon the still living psyche. In the second, the biological and romantic act is indistinguishable from the amours of the residents in a pig-stye. In the third, sex and its emotional disturbances are dissected with what the playwrights believe to be gleaming scalpels but what are plainly only lurid sugar-tongs.

Van Druten sees sex not as tragical, seldom as soiled, and never as something calling for any particular profundity. He sees it simply as a lesser adventure in the larger life that is sometimes gay, sometimes a little sad, of no great importance nor yet of little, and always as something to be taken with a philosophical smile, now and again perhaps touched faintly with a sigh. Van Druten is a wise man.

YANKEE INGENUITY IN PRISON CAMPS

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

THE methods and means of escape used by American soldiers interned in Axis prison camps make up one of the most fascinating chapters of World War II. Incredible and imaginative escapes have been attempted, sometimes successfully, by criminals confined in many of our large prisons, but they rank a very poor second when compared with those contrived by young American internees. These alert young men were able to learn in a short time all the tricks it takes professional criminals years to master. To these, they added many new ones which never even occurred to those who have made the outwitting of the law their life's work.

In the barracks for Allied military prisoners, known as *Stalag Luft No. 1*, at Barth, Germany, six American officers after secretly working on their plans for many weary months, were ready at last to make the break to which they had so long looked forward.

From its concealment in a hole which had been dug beneath the fire-

place, one of the young airmen drew out a stretcher made of canvas which they had surreptitiously snipped from the tents in which they had been confined on their arrival. The "sick" man stretched himself out on it, and the four who were to act as carriers surveyed once more the "German guard" who was to accompany them. They examined carefully his "German" uniform, his cap, his blouse and his boots. It had been no easy task, under the very eyes of the Nazis, to make the uniform out of stolen blankets, and to dye it the proper color by dipping it in hot water in which carbon paper, obtained by bribery from a clerk in the Commandant's office, had been soaked. For the hundredth time the "guard" clicked his heels, raised his arm in the Nazi salute and snapped out "Heil Hitler!" The group was at last ready to start.

There were three gates to pass through, each manned by an armed guard. The four carrying the stretcher, bearing the "sick" man, walked slowly. On one side and a little to the rear, walked the "guard," his hand

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resting near the holster which held his "gun" — laboriously manufactured from small bits of wood over a period of weeks.

As they approached the first gate, the real guard there stepped forward. The "guard" accompanying the little procession stopped, rapped his heels together, raised his arm stiffly and shot out, "Heil Hitler!" The guard responded. The American, who spoke German fluently, explained rapidly that the Commandant had ordered that this man, requiring an immediate operation, be taken to the hospital in town, where there were better facilities. The guard looked dubious. It was an unusual procedure, but at last he stepped aside and opened the gate.

With pounding hearts the Americans began to traverse the twenty-five-yard space which separated them from the second gate. Here again they lived a lifetime of anxiety in a few short moments. This guard too expressed surprise that the patient should be moved outside the compound instead of being treated in the barracks hospital. Again the explanation was given, and again it was accepted. The party filed through the gate and approached the last barrier. Here the gateman shook his head negatively.

"I don't understand it," he protested. "I never heard of such a thing before. What's the matter with the man?"

"I don't know," replied the American, "but the doctor says it's a very complicated case. It seems he's got

something in his lungs and it takes a special kind of apparatus which we don't have here to get it out."

The patient on the stretcher, who also knew a few words of German, took his cue. He began to cough raucously.

"If you want to check up with the Commandant, go ahead," added the American "guard," staking everything on a colossal bluff. "But *do* something. I want to get these men back and get a little supper."

The suspense of the six was almost unbearable. The gateman hesitated, took a step toward the telephone, hesitated again, then turned and came back.

"All right, go ahead," he ordered.

Hearts beating so loudly it seemed they could be heard, the quartet picked up the stretcher and followed by their "guard," walked through the last gate. Two months later they were back safely inside Allied lines.

This clever escape was but one brilliant page in a volume which could be written on the ingenuity, resourcefulness and courage displayed by American soldiers in prisoner of war camps.

II

One of the greatest difficulties encountered was in cutting through the barbed wire which surrounded most compounds. Sometimes there were four, five or even six of these barriers.

One group of prisoners observed that some of the guards carried ice

skates to be used on a nearby stream at the close of their tour of duty. They filched a pair and set to work. The metal sides which held the blades in place were pried apart. With nails taken from the floor, a hole was driven near the end of each blade. Then the blades were crossed like a pair of scissors, another nail put through both holes and twisted so that it would not pull out. The blades were then sharpened by rubbing them against stones. They now had a keen pair of shears and plenty of leverage with which to work them. One night four Americans got out of the barracks and crawled on their stomachs toward the barbed wire enclosure, at a point equidistant between two observation towers. The shears worked perfectly, snipping the strands easily. The four crawled through the opening, squirmed over the ground to the second barrier, cut it quickly, and then went on to the third.

A watch dog barked, one of those trained by the Nazis for just such emergencies, then bounded across the yard and threw himself on the man with the shears. The soldier struck out savagely with the homemade tool, and tore a jagged hole in the dog's throat. Secrecy was no longer possible. Rays from the searchlights began to play across the yard. The fleeing men scrambled through the half-made opening in the last barrier and raced away into the night, spurred on by the shouts and gun shots of their pursuers. Unfortunately one of the men was captured and brought back, but

the other three managed to make their way to England.

Many ways of manufacturing wire-cutting shears were found. One man even climbed a telegraph pole situated in the compound in order to get the two metal braces which supported the cross arms, keeping the pole between his body and a guard in a nearby tower so he could not be seen. It took him fully an hour of laborious effort to get the bolts out of the braces, tie the iron supports to his body in order to keep his hands free, and climb down, all the while avoiding any wrong move which might reveal him to the guard. He made it. That night he drilled holes in the sharpened iron and completed the shears. With a friend he made his escape by cutting through three layers of barbed wire.

III

Lieutenant Harold Hilgen, a prisoner at Barth for fifteen months, helped a fellow-internee in an escape effort which had a rather amusing ending.

This man decided to impersonate one of the volunteer German women war workers who were allowed to enter the camp. He unraveled two sweaters which had come in Red Cross packages. Using wooden knitting needles carved with a pen knife, he began work on a woman's skirt and jacket. When these were completed, after weeks of labor he obtained a man's hat, crushed in the crown,

stuck a feather in it and trimmed it with a red band. The band was an ordinary piece of paper dipped in colored water secured by soaking red material used as stuffing in one of the packages he received. His black stockings were wide gauze bandages dipped in ink. He rounded out his hips and chest, attaching strategically placed pads by strings around his neck and body.

For weeks some of the other men in his barracks had been secretly engaged in digging an escape tunnel under the fireplace. It was decided that "Grace" (as the female impersonator finally became known) was to be the first one to test its efficacy. The loose bricks were removed from the fireplace and the *fraulein* went headfirst into the tunnel. It was an exceptionally narrow passageway. "Grace" wiggled and squirmed and pushed, but realized the womanly figure on which he had banked to make good his escape was the very thing preventing it. He tried to work his way back into the barracks, but it was impossible to move. His generous artificial curves were just too wide for the narrow tunnel. He was stuck. Nor did he dare call for assistance from his fellow-conspirators for fear of being heard. Finally he had to take a chance. One of his friends crawled into the tunnel and managed to pull "Grace" out. Despite her femininity, "Grace" was made of stern stuff. The next evening at dusk "she" calmly walked through three well-guarded gates to freedom.

In the digging of getaway tunnels,

the men exhibited great skill and endurance. The entrance to most tunnels was usually under the fireplace. Since the Germans frequently built passageways directly under barracks' floors so they could listen to the conversation of their prisoners, escapees would first dig down about eight feet in order to get below the tunnels built for spying purposes by their captors.

A variety of homemade implements were substituted for ordinary digging tools, which of course were unobtainable. Almost anything served the purpose — nails attached to lengths of wood, the filed ends of cot and chair casters, even glass from broken light bulbs to which handles were fastened. Probably the most common instrument was the scraper. This consisted of a circular band of metal cut from a powdered milk can, about two or three inches in width, attached to a handle.

Dirt, after being loosened by the scraper, was scooped up in a "shovel" made of canvas kept rigid by wooden supports, and dumped in a canvas "sled." A long rope was attached to each end of the sled, by which it was pulled back and forth to the surface to be emptied. Various means were used to dispose of earth taken from the tunnels. In order to see into the barracks from every possible angle, the Germans had bored small holes in the roof. The prisoners would shove the excavated earth through these holes after first grinding it into fine powder with their hands so that the slightest wind would blow it away.

In places where prisoners were permitted to have small gardens, they would carry the dirt out in their pockets. Or they would engage in apparently impromptu wrestling matches, during which they would throw each other to the ground and at the same time remove the dirt.

As a man could only work in the tunnels for ten or fifteen minutes before "passing out," the captives had to devise some method of getting air to the workers. This they accomplished by making bellows of canvas, wood and barbed wire, and attaching it to a pipe made of several dozen tin cans, received in Red Cross packages, which were soldered together. Solder was obtained by melting the unopened end of a can over the fire and catching the melted solder which held it to the sides.

One day in another camp, after the prisoners had spent their recreation period sloshing through the thick snow in the yard, playing tag, shoveling the snow for exercise, and generally acting like a pack of schoolboys, the Nazi guard found the count two short. The usual search began. The guards were sure the missing prisoners were somewhere within the enclosure waiting until vigilance was relaxed so they could streak for liberty. The search continued for two days. The guard outside was doubled and the yard brightly lit at night, but the pair had vanished.

On the morning of the third day a guard walking through the yard to his post noticed something odd. A patch

of snow wriggled! Investigation revealed that the movement was caused by the two missing fliers, *who had lain flat on the wet earth for more than forty-eight hours*, awaiting an opportunity to make a getaway. While "playing" in the yard, their companions had shoveled away some snow, spread a sheet over the would-be fugitives, and then piled more snow on it to make it look like the rest of the compound. The two had enough food, saved from their rations, to last them about a week, a homemade map of Germany and France, a businesslike knife and compass fashioned from safety razor blades and eyelets taken from shoes. The compass was accurate within fifteen degrees of true north.

The guards were not surprised. They had come to expect almost anything from these inventive young members of what Hitler had assured his people was a decadent race of weaklings.

IV

The prisoners actually held classes in which those better informed concerning a particular phase of escape tactics would instruct the others. Thus, a man who had been a forest ranger might give talks on how to find one's way in the woods; what roots and plants were edible; where to look for water; how to tell time by the sun, and similar information which every woodsman knows. Mechanics taught fellow-inmates how tools and other implements could be made out of the

makeshift materials available to them.

The making of weapons, real and imaginary, also occupied the attention of these prisoners, intent on securing their freedom, no matter what the cost. They realized that often the effect of guns, like beauty, lies in the eye of the beholder. So they made "phoney" ones out of wood or soap, moulded in the form of revolvers. Often these were covered with tinfoil which came from tobacco and candy wrappers in Red Cross packages, giving the "weapons" the appearance of being silver mounted.

Other weapons, however, provided a real means of protection. Knives were made from scraps of metal, stiletos from wood filed to a deadly point, and blackjacks from almost any heavy object that came to hand.

One prisoner even made a pair of "brass" knuckles from the nickel trimming on the barracks' stove. Later he was able to secure a used pass with which the Germans provided civilian doctors and others whose duties took them in and out of the compound. He waited until a physician of his own size and weight visited the barracks. Then, pursuant to prearrangement, one of the other prisoners who spoke German told the doctor he had lived in Leipzig for several

years where he was sure they had met.

"Aren't you Dr. Hans Korner?" he asked.

The physician shook his head. "No," he answered. "My name is Gustav Roeffling."

That was all the manufacturer of the "brass" knuckles waited to hear. He wrote the physician's name on the used pass in place of the one he had erased. While the doctor was still in the barracks, his impersonator slipped out into the yard, walked to a gate opposite the one through which the doctor had originally come, and passed on out. He was walking away rapidly when a guard on his way to the camp became suspicious.

"What are you doing —" he began.

The next moment he was knocked unconscious by a crashing blow on the jaw with the "brass" knuckles. By the time he regained consciousness, the escaping flier was a half-mile further along the road that led to freedom.

These are but a few of the stories that have come out of prison camps to prove that Yankee ingenuity is no myth. The patience and stamina which captured American soldiers exhibited in the course of their escapes were as great as their originality and efficiency in planning the breaks and making the implements for them.

THE pleasure in this world, it has been said, outweighs the pain; or, at any rate, there is an even balance between the two. If the reader wishes to see shortly whether this statement is true, let him compare the respective feelings of two animals, one of which is engaged in eating the other.

— SCHOPENHAUER

A GERMAN BISHOP

BY SAUL K. PADOVER

WE WENT to see the Bishop of Aachen on a gloomy Saturday afternoon when the sky was slate and the ground covered with snow. He lived in one of the few undestroyed apartment houses, in a comfortable, solidly furnished flat. An assistant received us courteously, took our coats and helmets, led us into the living room, and told us that *Seine Excellenz* would be with us shortly. We seated ourselves and waited. Queer thoughts and old recollections passed through my mind. I had travelled far to come to this point. Years ago I had studied and taught medieval history; I had written learned papers on the subject. I knew that Aachen was an ancient and historic bishopric and that a Bishop was a revered man, a powerful figure, a prince of what was still perhaps the greatest institution in the world. I had never in my life talked to a Bishop. For that matter, I had never seen one. Now I was going to interrogate one and I felt some curiosity. What manner of man was a Bishop? What kind of a person

was a German Bishop under Hitler?

He came into the room, a tall, corpulent man with a strong face and thick lenses, and as we rose, he waved us to sit down. His square, jowled countenance had such a remarkable resemblance to Winston Churchill that I could not refrain from commenting upon it. The Bishop gave a dry, unsmiling reply: "I can't help that."

We began to talk about generalities and I knew immediately that the interview was not going to be easy. He had apparently been warned against me—I was in the city investigating the administration of *Oberbürgermeister* Oppenhoff, whom the Bishop had recommended to Military Government—and he was obviously on his guard. I knew that there were rumors in the city that I was a "personage" from Washington.

For a long time we talked about labor, a subject on which the Bishop discoursed freely and fluently. He had had considerable experience in labor activities. Until Hitler seized power,

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he had been Director of the *Volksverein für das katholische Deutschland*, a Catholic welfare organization which, since 1890, had sired the strong Catholic labor unions. His labor ideas, he explained, derived from Pope Leo XIII's *De Rerum Novarum*, and he favored labor unions provided he could bring them under the leadership of the Church. In Germany, he said in answer to my question on the subject, the Church was enlightened in its attitude toward labor because the country was highly developed industrially and had a large Catholic working class. In order not to lose these workers, the Church in Germany, unlike that in Spain (here the Bishop smiled ironically), organized unions and provided them with a definite labor program. For, as His Grace said with a slightly skeptical smile, theology was not enough.

II

From labor we shifted the conversation to youth. I asked him what plans he had for the young Germans after the collapse of Hitler. He was gloomy on the subject. Nazism, he said, had brought up the youth without social thoughts or ideas. "It developed conquered individuals with closed pores, spiritually dead young people, weaned away from the Church." He hoped to start anew with a few boys and girls and instill in them Christian ideas. "Our principle will be the Christian man, a man standing on his own feet as an independent soul." But he was ex-

tremely pessimistic about the outlook.

What impressed him, he said, was the futility of mere words in winning over the youth. One must give young people action. Activism, he observed, had won them over to Hitler in the first place. The Nazis had arrogated unto themselves a monopoly on action, and denied the Church the right to any kind of activity except purely religious. Consequently, Hitler had won and the Church lost, because religion was not enough. The Bishop said: "When I stand before young people and give them nothing but Psalms, then I am lost."

What type of activism would he give the youth? Any kind, he replied, except what is regimented and uniformed. Germans had a fatal susceptibility to uniforms, and one must never allow them any, not even such innocuous ones as those of the Boy Scouts. "Give them uniforms and you have noncommissioned officers for the next war," the Bishop said, somewhat grimly. He favored group and communal activities — dancing, meetings, games — but no regimentation and no compulsion. "I consider freedom to be the highest good. Hitler had made a mistake in believing that totalitarianism meant strength. Actually it is weakness; it contains its own dynamite."

With a good deal of subtlety, the Bishop suggested that in Germany totalitarianism was dangerous to the Church because the latter was a minority religion and hence always a potential victim of any total political

movement. I gathered his idea was that in Germany the Church, despite its own fundamental totalitarianism, must support the idea of political freedom, and hence political parties, in order to protect itself. On this issue, the Bishop and his friend and protégé, *Oberbürgermeister* Oppenhoff, were not in agreement. Oppenhoff was an avowed Fascist who declaimed loudly and bitterly against political parties, parliament, free discussion, and all the paraphernalia of democracy.

The conversation was becoming abstruse, and we switched over to more personal matters. We asked the Bishop to tell us about his first contact with the Americans. He said that he had been warned by the Nazi officials to evacuate, but he refused, saying, "A captain does not abandon his ship." During the shelling and the bombing, he remained in the city, for six weeks living underground, moving from bunker to cellar and from cellar to bunker. One day an American officer in a jeep arrived in front of the cathedral. Seeing the strange vehicle, the Bishop came out and said, "I am the Bishop." The officer said, "I am a Catholic too," and he shook his hand and gave him a cigar. Then the Bishop was taken away to headquarters where many high officers spoke to him.

At this point in his conversation the Bishop became noticeably wary. He denied that he was involved in city politics. "I am neutral," he said. At the same time he could not refrain from repeatedly referring to the Op-

penhoff administration as "we." He was anxious that we should carry away a good impression of Oppenhoff and his circle. "Oppenhoff," he said, "is a brave man and a good lawyer. You must trust him. If he says a person is reliable even though a Nazi, believe me, he knows what he is talking about. A Nazi party badge is in itself meaningless. The deeper you go into Germany the more difficulty you will have in finding people who are not Nazis."

If so, we asked, what solution would His Grace propose? What, in his opinion, was the best way of locating non-Nazis? On this subject the Bishop was glad to advise us. When your troops enter a town, he said, the first thing they should do is to go to the local clergyman and consult him about "reliable people." He told us that the Americans should have complete trust in the Church. At the same time, however, the Bishop considered it inadvisable to make any propaganda appeals to the clergy.

We asked what kind of people he considered "reliable" for the Americans to employ in Germany. "People with character and personality," he said. Since Nazis often had character and personality too, we wanted to have a fuller explanation. For instance, what types in German history would he suggest as a model? But the Bishop did not fall into that one. He pondered for a while. Finally came the response: "I cannot answer such a question in one afternoon; that requires a lot of thinking over."

III

It was becoming dark in the room and we still had not touched upon many important topics. The Bishop sat opposite us, smoked cigarette after cigarette, and favored us with his shrewd glance which seemed to appraise us constantly. His look seemed to say, I am answering but I am not telling anything. Occasionally there was a gleam in his eye, as if to say, How am I doing?

After a good deal of fencing, we got him to talk about general politics and the war. His statements revealed him to be a more or less moderate German nationalist, or perhaps I should say a German nationalist without undue chauvinism. Like virtually every other German, he traced the war to the Versailles Treaty. "Versailles," he said, "was frightfully hard." Again like practically every other German, he said that Germany was "truly and unfortunately a *Volk ohne Raum* [people without space]," a poor and crowded country that simply had to expand. On this subject the Bishop was as full of self-pity as most of his countrymen. Surprised that so well-informed a man would repeat this widespread canard about Germany's poverty (one of the most powerful propaganda arguments in the whole German arsenal), I reminded him that the Reich had, and for a long time had had, the highest standard of living of any major country in Europe. But he only repeated the words, "*Armes Deutschland* [poor Germany]," and

then his hand swept the well-furnished apartment and he said with a sigh, "Look at me — how I live — I have nothing, nothing . . ." On his forefinger, the episcopal amethyst, the size of a robin's egg, gleamed in the half-light, and I found myself thinking of St. Francis.

German poverty and the paucity of its living space, the Bishop explained, caused the rise of Hitlerism, which in turn led to war. "Hitler was supported by the poor — poor peasants and unemployed workers." The Bishop said nothing about Thyssen, the other industrialists, most of the middle class, the military, and the right wing of the Centrist Party. He reminded us that the conditions that led to Nazism and war still existed and that they would continue to exist after the war. Regardless of who won, he pointed out, the German problem would have to be solved. In brief, Germany needed *Arbeit und Raum* (work and space). To feed its people, the Reich must expand, but there was no room for expansion in Europe.

The implication of the Bishop's statement was eloquently and disturbingly obvious; it was the argument of that eternal German imperialism that started five wars in three generations. The Bishop, however, was less interested in German imperialism for its own sake than in the prevention of Communism; he simply considered the former as a guarantee against the latter. Crowded space, he reasoned, led to poverty, poverty to revolution, revolution to Com-

munism. Consequently, to obviate the Red danger, Germany must expand. It was what the logicians call a vicious circle, and it landed the Bishop exactly where the Kaiser had landed, and where Hitler had landed. "Of one thing I am certain," he said, "a poverty-stricken proletariat [*Elendsproletariat*] will turn to Communism. When a man has no *securitas vitae*, what can you expect?" The Bishop threw up his arms.

That, he declared, was going to be the *Brennpunkt* (burning problem) in postwar Germany — how to prevent the growth of an *Elendsproletariat*. One answer was emigration, but who would want Germans? The Bishop remarked that the German people were too much hated in the world, and he suddenly exclaimed in French, in a bitter tone: "*Les allemands sont devenus les boches.*"

This, at last, was the opening for which we had been looking for over two hours, and I asked quickly whether the Bishop knew what the Germans had done in Europe to earn such hatred and the name of *boches*. He replied calmly that he was aware of the atrocities committed by the Germans in Europe. If he himself knew about the horrors, did he then favor that they be exposed in German schools so that the youth should learn the truth about Nazi-fascism? The Bishop gave an involved yes-but-no reply.

"We must have the courage to tell the historic truth, but we must wait until the child is ripe to understand it.

This kind of truth must be given in stages, like the truth about sex. I am not in favor of relative truth. When truth, like the justice that prevailed in Nazi Germany, becomes the whore of politics, then it is not truth."

If the Bishop was so ardent a champion of truth, why, then, did neither he nor his Church as a whole nor most decent Germans fight openly against the Nazi liars and murderers? Ah, the Bishop raised his hands with palms to the ceiling, it was not possible to do anything because the terror was too great. The people had made a mistake in not voting against Hitler in 1933. Even the Church had been in error in this matter; it should have sided courageously with the Protestants against the Nazis. Everybody, he added, had erred and nobody had shown much courage. He shrugged and asked, "How can you expect heroism and courage from the average man?"

We conceded that it took courage to resist the Nazi evil and we reminded him that there was no lack of brave men in France and Belgium and Holland, Poland and Yugoslavia and Norway. Why were there none in Germany? In Germany, he replied, resistance would have meant martyrdom. Hundreds of thousands of men, we said, were martyred by Germans outside of Germany. Did the Church have no courageous men to lead the fight against the Nazi curse? The Bishop murmured deprecatingly, "*Die Kirche wollte keine Maertyrer.* [The Church wanted no martyrs.]"

I said to the Bishop that I had been a teacher of medieval history and that I knew that once upon a time the Church did have martyrs, proud martyrs, men who were not afraid to sacrifice themselves for truth and for justice. I asked him whether it was not true that one of the great men of the Church had said that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the

Church. The Bishop nodded his head slowly in apparent agreement but remained silent.

I said, "Jesus, the Founder of the Church, was not afraid to utter the truth that was in Him."

There was a long silence in the now-dark room and at last the Bishop said quietly, "*Ja*, that is so, but look what they did to Him."



MANKIND IS HERE TO STAY

By S. A. Nock

It seems that the end of the world is at hand again. As happened, no doubt, when men began to throw things instead of merely wielding them; and when crossbowmen shot down their enemies at a distance; and when gunpowder came into use; and when aerial bombing became prevalent in warfare, the Jeremiahs are wailing that mankind has sealed its own doom with rockets and especially with atomic bombs.

There is no disputing the fact that we can do much more damage in much less time than we ever could before, and damage of a fundamental nature. Mankind, however, like rats and cockroaches, is pretty tough and hard to get rid of. Your expert exterminator can get rid of a lot of rats and cockroaches, but there are always some in the offing somewhere, and they always come back. Carthage, we may remember, was utterly destroyed, to appropriate Homeric verses; that is, it was utterly destroyed except for the fact that people went on living there, and are still living there. Whole nations have been destroyed but somehow or other they have grown up again. The

Jews were rooted out many times by the Babylonians, the Romans, the Spaniards and others, but in spite of these periodic purges they refuse to disappear.

In Europe in the old days, gunpowder must have looked like the atomic bomb today. It was a means of blasting whole populations into oblivion. Military people say that for every weapon of offense, a defensive weapon is found; but it seems likely that gunpowder failed to blast Europe into the dustheap, not because of defensive weapons, but because mankind is too tough and too prolific to be killed off. There were just too many people to make annihilation of humanity possible, even in Europe, however zealous the attempt. Besides, perhaps what the Europeans of that day overlooked, was that there were quite a few people elsewhere in the world. There are still quite a few people in the world who are not very likely to become targets for atomic bombs, and rockets, and all the fancy paraphernalia of civilized warfare; those people will probably go right on living even if we superior persons

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do succeed in exterminating each other.

There are, for instance, the Hindus. Granted that we can, if we want to, destroy every city in India over night; still it seems hardly plausible that we can match the destructive force of disease, starvation, and prejudice, which gets rid of so many Indians every day. There are the people in the outer lands of China, in Siberia, and in inner China, whom civilized warfare could make into troglodytes — as it has already done in many areas — but it can't kill them off. We might remember, too, that many Chinese have learned enough about warfare not to like it. Consequently, when we have blown ourselves to atoms, they will presumably come out of their caves and go on living, not indulging in the use of atomic bombs.

Even if we could get rid of all the Orientals, we should still have the Africans on our hands; and there just is no way of annihilating Africa. Experts among the insects, for instance, have tried for millenniums to destroy humanity in Africa, and have had gratifying aid from all sorts of natural and human forces; but the Africans live on.

II

About the only thing we do not have to worry about is the total destruction of mankind. Whether or not this is fortunate may be debatable; but as human beings we can only assume

that we are of consequence, and rejoice, however mildly, that we are likely to abide until the guiding forces of the entire scheme of things get fed up with us, and show us how to do the job of destruction right.

Dirges for mankind are not in order: we and the rabbits and the rats and the cockroaches are not going to die out. Yet lamentation comes easy, and can grow quite popular. It does good to the disposition. It cloaks stupidity, and gives an air of tragedy to farce. It makes triflers feel heroic. It makes platitudinarians feel like profound philosophers. Above all, it gives human beings a chance to be endlessly vocal. It relieves feelings, costs nothing, and involves no brain-work.

To be sure, a first class lament, one that will go ringing down the ages, demands poetic skill of high degree. First class laments, however, are seldom heard and less frequently attended; it is the minor wailings that attract the crowd. Now these mourners are busy, as might be expected, engaged in lamenting the wrong thing. They are weeping over the extermination of mankind, and they might as well bewail the extermination of flies through DDT.

A few of them, knowing better, loudly regret the passing of our civilization. What they mean by that, though, is not too easy to determine. They arouse a suspicion that what they regret is the passing of Occidental hegemony. There is every chance, as they see it, that the white man is

about to knock himself out of the picture.

The departure from the terrestrial scene of those who have so long been occupied exclusively with their own superiority is, in the minds of these Jeremiahs, synonymous with the end of the world. Men of detachment, however, smile quietly, remembering the spider in Swift's *Battle of the Books*, who mistook the jarring of his web for the dissolution of the universe.

Other mourners, who do not think quite so much in terms of superiority, are apt to confuse the end of the world with the end of the life they have been living. Great areas of the earth supported that sort of life up to the past decade, but are now populated by wretches crawling about after sticks and refuse. Jeremiahs who love their beer and bathtubs see the possibility of an era of dirty drought — if the atomic bomb were used on a large scale.

Something like it has happened before. When the Romans got caught, European life became, for them at any rate, a vast desert. It was of no conse-

quence to them that after several centuries of rough but exciting life, Italy's renascent civilization reached a peak that made that of late Rome look a little absurd. The end of the world came for the Romans, all right. Yet no one but the Romans cared.

Perhaps what makes the Jeremiahs moan is that they sense the prospect of the passing of the white hegemony; and in all conscience, it is hard to conceive of the brown, the yellow, the red, and the black peoples bewailing the end of the Caucasian race. They can hardly be expected to suffer at the sight of the white man reduced to the status in which for centuries he has tried to keep men of other colors.

Since those who wail are determined to lament the passing of humanity, or at least of our civilization, we can only try to look at them with the clear eyes, and listen to them with the keen ears of the races that white men do not think about very much. It is not likely that mankind as a whole will be destroyed by anything it can devise at the present time — or at any time in the near future.



*N*O MAN is an Iland, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or of thine owne were; any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde; And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; It tolls for thee.

— JOHN DONNE: *Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions*

FOR A WESTERN DEMOCRATIC BLOC

By NORMAN ANGELL

TODAY the world's hope of enduring peace rests squarely on the conference tables of the United Nations Organization — and nowhere else. No man of good will can withhold from the UNO the least measure of his sympathy and support. Yet no man of common sense can put all his faith in it. It is desperately important for us to face a clouded future with a clarity of vision equal to the generosity of our hopes. We must strive to make the UNO work, but at the same time we must know it for what it is — a none-too-perfect mechanism which provides a framework for collaboration but not a guarantee of it. If we are to act upon this awareness, we must seek additional ways of strengthening the bonds between nations. One such way seems to me the establishment of a western democratic bloc. I intend here to state the case for such a bloc as a means of supplementing the UNO, not of supplanting it; as a foundation for it, not an alternative to it.

Let us recall at the outset that peace does not constitute the only objective. Not peace at any price, but

peace with freedom is the goal of the democracies. We are determined to preserve and extend the political liberties for which we fought two world wars. The peoples of western Europe and North America are not alone in this determination, but in few other parts of the world has democracy achieved effective power. Indeed, only a very small minority of the world's population enjoys real democracy. Even an ostensibly favorable constitutional structure does not assure the reality or the survival of democracy. Witness the dictatorships of Latin America operating behind the trappings of republicanism. Witness the easy downfall of the highly-touted Weimar constitution in Germany.

These are not idle considerations. They indicate the necessity for the democracies to combine if their influence is to be felt. They also reveal the inadequacy of the UNO as an instrument of freedom. The United Nations, most of the members of which evince strong authoritarian tendencies, is not democratic in purpose. It is a functional security organ-

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ization designed to keep the peace and nothing more. Even in this rôle it is badly handicapped by the self-protective veto power of each of the Big Five. If freedom is to weigh in the balance, it must have a set of scales which it can tip more easily than those at the UNO meetings.

Let us recognize also that two broad areas of friction exist in the world today, one troublesome, the other potentially explosive. The first is among the democracies, the United States, Great Britain, France, and the small nations of western Europe. Each has its own petty jealousies and antagonisms toward the others, stemming from divergent imperial considerations, economic rivalries, and varying political tendencies. The second, far vaster field of conflict is between the democracies on the one hand and the Soviet Union and its satellites on the other. A western bloc admittedly would draw the democracies closer together and mitigate the discord between them. But, its critics claim, such a development would alienate Russia, deepening the rift in world harmony and dividing mankind into two rival aggregates of power destined for war. I suggest that the opposite would occur, and I believe that the record of history will bear me out.

II

Once before, in the wake of a great war, America and Britain were offered membership in a western bloc. The time was 1919, the occasion the Paris

Peace Conference. There Clemenceau, France's hard-headed realist, pleaded with Wilson and Lloyd George in terms which ran something like this:

"You English-speaking nations have just fought a war on French soil, and left the bones of your sons there, because you both discovered, somewhat late, that the security of France is indispensable to your own. If you want to avoid being dragged into a second world war, promise me that if France is attacked hereafter you will defend her. If you both make that pledge loudly enough for Germany to hear, she will never dare to fight, for the German General Staff won't gamble on your neutrality. If you don't say it, you will have to fight once more, for the Germans will take a chance on your neutrality. Mr. Wilson speaks of the League. It does not yet exist. It may never exist; or it may fail. In any case I'm not interested in the guarantees of Guatemala and Haiti; I want yours — the guarantee of both your countries, for one alone would be inadequate. Only a strong defensive alliance of the three of us will carry enough weight to insure the integrity of France and the peace of the world."

Both Wilson and Lloyd George were convinced, deeply convinced. Both agreed to a tri-partite treaty of guarantee. Neither could convince his people; the treaty was never ratified. France and England drifted steadily apart, while America retired into its shell. And, exactly as Clemenceau had predicted, a second war broke over all of them, largely for the

very reasons which he had foreseen.

Note that the tri-partite treaty, if ratified, would not have militated against the success of the League of Nations. Indeed, it would have given the League such a nucleus of united power as its quarreling factions never achieved otherwise. Threatened with dangers which a disunited League could not avert, France had to resort to the unilateral measures of security which remained to her — huge reparation demands on Germany, a shaky system of alliances in eastern Europe, and similar strong-arm measures. Idealistic liberals in other lands were repelled by French militarism, and rightly so, but they failed to understand that their own denial to France of the security which she needed was largely responsible.

Thus the failure of the western democracies to join hands in 1919 was doubly disastrous. Two of the democracies, by refusing to commit themselves to a permanent partnership, gave resurgent Germany the chance to make her bid for power, and at the same time unleashed the third on a course of action which led to her collapse in 1940.

III

Consider the situation from another angle. Suppose that Great Britain and France had gone ahead with the treaty of guarantees in the early twenties despite the defection of the United States, and had drawn into the combination their lesser neigh-

bors, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries. Would this have increased American misgivings of the League, or have alienated America further from co-operation in a world order? Quite the contrary. It would have diminished those misgivings. What disturbed Americans was not the prospect of a united Europe, but the utter incapacity of Europe to unite at all — "Europe's never-ending quarrels and wars." Had Europe been truly united and by its unity comparable in power to the United States, the latter would in all probability have eventually entered the League and made common cause. But instead of involving themselves in obscure quarrels which they could not even understand, Americans chose to go their own way, taking their own measures of security.

Is Russia's present feeling toward the western democracies likely to be very different? Flushed with enormous triumph, Russia finds herself suddenly become the greatest military power on earth. For a quarter of a century the Russian people have been educated to a messianic belief in their country: spearhead of a new order in human society, it is destined to rescue mankind from the ancient evils and tyrannies which still dominate the western nations. Greatest of these tyrannies in Soviet eyes, and inevitable cause of wars, is the capitalist system. Every conflict that arises between the western nations offers the Russians one more confirmation of their convictions, and persuades them

all the more that little security can be expected in co-operation with the west.

Now we are asking Russia to trust her future security to a world organization functioning on western principles of democracy — representation of all states, large and small, majority decision, public discussion, and so forth. Of all these principles the Soviet Union is frankly skeptical; few of them does it apply at home.

The first job of the western democracies, therefore, is to demonstrate that they can make their principles work in their relations with each other — that capitalist nations can co-operate. We must dispel the suspicion that Britain's very moderate parliamentary socialism precludes her close and amicable association with the United States. Until the free lands of the west can manifest their essential unity, Russia has little reason to trust her security to their kind of international organization or to pay much regard to their views. Instead, the Soviets will be tempted to adhere to the older pattern of statecraft by which their domains have grown from a small duchy into the greatest territorial empire in the world.

Participation in a western bloc does not lack precedent in American tradition. In many respects, such a bloc would resemble the most ancient, consistent, and successful aspect of American foreign policy — the Monroe Doctrine. In point of fact, it would constitute nothing more nor less than an extension of the Doctrine.

Recall the circumstances which gave rise to Monroe's declaration. In 1823 the Holy Alliance, composed of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Spain, was laying plans to reconquer the fledgling South American nations which had just thrown off the yoke of colonialism. Canning, the British foreign minister, suggested common Anglo-American action to forestall the scheme. Although the United States decided to act independently, the idea originally came from Britain. And the continued success of the Doctrine rested on the community of interests between the two powers; without the tacit support of Britain and her fleet, the program of keeping European aggressors out of the Americas might have failed. Also, President Monroe's notification that an attack on any American nation would be regarded as an attack on the United States did not result in war with the Holy Alliance. On the contrary, it served to discourage further interference of the old world in the freedom of the new.

During the trans-Atlantic correspondence out of which the Monroe Doctrine arose, James Madison suggested that Canning's principle should be extended beyond the Western Hemisphere to include the entire globe — that the United States and Britain should together declare that any small country fallen victim to aggression would be defended by the combined power of the English-speaking nations. This would have initiated a policy of collective security a century

before Woodrow Wilson. Unfortunately nothing came of Madison's suggestion. It is strange that the defensive interdependence of the United States and Britain was more clearly recognized by a man who had fought Britain than by so many who now shy away from close Anglo-American co-operation in peacetime.

In another respect, too, the Monroe Doctrine contains a lesson for the present. Russia today, just as much as the United States a century ago, would stand within her rights in declaring that an attack upon any of the nations within her orbit would be regarded as an attack upon herself. Such a policy applied by Russia to eastern Europe could give no offense to the west, as long as the Soviets refrained from interfering with the internal political and economic structure of the protected countries. Along those lines, a Russian Monroe Doctrine could operate within the framework of a larger internationalism as easily as could a western bloc.

Throughout history the states of the west have shown a tragic reluctance to combine except under the pressure of dire emergencies, and then it was too late. America's persistence,

throughout the opening years of two world wars, in the delusion that totalitarian power could never touch her, eventually exposed her to a war effort far more exhausting than prompt participation would have required. During the twenties and thirties Britain and France also lacked a firm understanding. Even the lesser states — Norway, Belgium, and others — on the very eve of invasion, refused to admit British or French troops within their borders until the German armies had actually crossed them. As someone remarked at the time, this made Europe a Christmas present to the German General Staff. Weekend conquests became the order of the day.

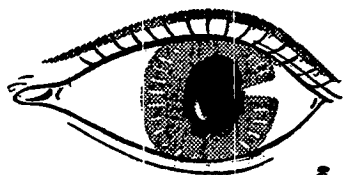
Madison's suggestion for the universalization of the Monroe Doctrine is immeasurably more vital in our day than it was in his. Then distance not only separated nations; it also defended them. Today there is no defense in distance, but only in co-operation. Once more an indulgent history offers us the opportunity of a western bloc. If we reject it again, we are discarding our most powerful means of protection as we pick our way into an age darkened by the shadow of the broken atom.



THE superior man is distressed by the limitations of his ability; he is not distressed by the fact that men do not recognize the ability that he has.

— CONFUCIUS

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its ailments,



but often of those in other parts of the body,

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diabetes, hardening of the ar-

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HOW TAX CHEATERS ARE CAUGHT

By J. K. LASSER

RECENT indictments of wholesale income tax evaders again throw the spotlight on our curious double standard of tax morality. A man who would consider his fellow penny ante poker player a cheat if he kept an ace up his sleeve often is not averse to trying some ruse to avoid income tax payments. But my aim here is not to elaborate upon the immorality of tax cheating but something far more elementary, namely, to show that you can't beat the sleuths of the Treasury Department.

No matter how much the tax cheater and his collaborators falsify their records, somewhere along the line someone else's honest records will testify against them. Among his collaborators or his or their employes there is always a chance for a leak. Even if he can successfully cover the sources of his income, the spending of unreported gains may give him away. And finally, the many accounting and auditing divisions of the Treasury Department are perhaps the most skillful fraud detection agencies in the country.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue has a great many ways to catch tax cheaters. One of the most common and relatively simple is through the use of leads supplied by informers. The Bureau receives thousands of tips from employes, ex-employes, disgruntled relatives, ex-wives and neighbors. Many of these are tips for a price since the Government pays up to 10 per cent of the tax collected from the cheaters in return for information leading to restitution or conviction in court. An even larger number of leads come from customers, creditors or even business associates.

But even without a specific lead from an individual, the Government can get on the trail of possible cheating by checking your tax return against some thirteen different types of information required on returns from individuals, corporations, employes, banks, etc. In addition, there is a vast number of other forms which business enterprises must submit on given dates to federal, state and other government agencies.

The Treasury men are familiar

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with all these forms. There is a constant interchange of information among the various branches of the government, from an inter-agency committee in Washington, composed of OPA, Department of Justice, Department of Agriculture, WPB (now CPA), and Treasury representatives, to regional and local groups and individuals. Local Price Administration offices are constantly furnishing the Collector of Internal Revenue in their region with instances of ceiling price violations and black marketing. In New York, for example, an Internal Revenue man is present at all OPA hearings and court trials. He makes notes and gets transcripts of OPA records. These are used for checking income tax returns. Thus Treasury men, well versed in the forms and procedures of other agencies, can find out a great deal about you, more than you suppose, without your even having an inkling that your affairs are being investigated. To the experienced eye of the Government auditor or accountant the vague outlines of many a fraud have been clearly visible from the data on these forms alone.

II

But even beyond direct tips and official data, the experienced investigator knows the tricks people try and knows where to look for other leads. The Bureau has trained business specialists. Such men have devoted the major part of their business careers to the study of one particular

industry, trade or profession. They know the usual business practices in this field — sources of supply, raw material fluctuations, transportation costs, mark-ups, wage rates, trade discounts, types of accounting systems, and all the other complex details. And when there is a deviation from the usual pattern or a wide variation from previous years, they immediately look further for the causes.

Are the profit rates too low for the volume of business? Are executives' salaries out of proportion to the net profits? Are sales expenses too high when the merchandise practically sells itself? Are cash payments made when credit is customary? If business records fail to disclose the answers to questions like these, further investigations are in order.

Take the case of Butcher X who ran a successful meat market in a better-class neighborhood. His device for beating the income tax and the ceiling prices was relatively simple. His records were in apple pie order. According to his books, he bought and sold at ceiling prices. Actually, he paid and charged a good deal more for part of his supplies — but strictly on a cash basis. His few employees were well paid to maintain a discreet silence. His customers were too grateful for that extra steak to complain. When the meat scarcity became acute, his regular business bank account became low, lower, in fact, than his inflated overhead for rent, salaries, and other ordinary expenses.

Thereupon, Butcher X made a large cash deposit to bolster his credit. The revenue agent examining his books made a routine inquiry as to the source of the deposit. Did the money come from his savings? No, his own and his family's savings accounts were considerably bigger than in previous years. Had he sold property? No; he had, in fact, acquired a few small real estate holdings lately. Had he inherited money or applied for a loan? Quite the opposite, he had lent money to help start a new business.

When no satisfactory explanation was forthcoming, a cursory check among the trade soon disclosed the real source of the added income. Now Butcher X is no longer cutting chops for housewives but is helping a prison commissary make sure that his fellow inmates are adequately fed.

Many individuals or small businessmen make the same mistakes that Butcher X did. They underrate the ingenuity of the Government, hiding behind the easily accepted rationalization that they are too small to be worth the time and effort it may take to catch them.

There are many variations of the trading-only-for-cash idea. There is the case of the two partners who ran a flourishing hardware business in a wartime boom town. Accustomed to hard work and slim pickings, sudden prosperity threw them off balance, especially on taxes. War workers by the thousands became their ready customers. Practically every family needed something — brooms, curtain

rods, dish cloths, kitchen utensils, paint, garden tools, and so on. As merchandise became harder to get and wages increased, thanks to overtime, the two partners found that sales came easily and customers were not too particular about what items cost.

Too busy to run constantly to the cash register toward the back of the store, the partners started to pocket the cash they were handed and to make change on the run. As they sat down to count their receipts after an especially busy Saturday, one of them came up with an idea. "Why," he said, "record all the receipts and pay high tax rates? Just forget to ring up about a third of the sales and at the end of the day empty our pockets into a special petty cash box. At the end of the week we'll divide up the kitty." The partners agreed and the system worked well. About every third sale just wasn't rung up on the register — whether it was a 59-cent pail, 10-cents' worth of assorted nails or a \$7.50 axe. The bookkeeper's records showed all purchases but only the sales recorded on the register.

When the Revenue agent came to check the books, he found that for the year's operations the business profit was only 2 per cent on the total sales, and that for nine months of the year purchases exceeded sales. He knew that the profit was much too low for that type of business in a boom town. He also knew that if purchases exceeded sales for three quarters of the year, the business should have a heavy inventory on

hand. Instead, however, the counters, shelves and storerooms were practically bare.

The answer was pretty obvious to the agent. Needless to say, the owners of the business had none of their cash-in-pocket, under-the-counter profits left when they got through paying their back taxes and penalties.

Sometimes neither the buyer nor the seller keeps any records and, on questioning, they deny having done business together. That worked fine in the case of a textile goods jobber who sold merchandise to a friend, with nary an entry on the books — no inventory, no invoice, no receipt — just strictly cash. In this case, too, the sales volume of business on the jobber's books seemed out of proportion to his own purchases from others. The agent checking the return became suspicious. He started a spot check of the trucking companies the jobber regularly employed. Their books jibed with the jobber's books. But conversation with the freight elevator operator disclosed that still another trucking company was used on occasion. The jobber had no records of payments to this trucker, but the trucker carried a cash account in the jobber's name on his books, with complete information as to the dates and weights of shipments from the jobber's loft to the buyer's store. From the weight it was easy to approximate the value of the shipments and thus assess the would-be tax cheater.

Another jobber kept a set of books showing that two firms from whom he

bought were paid in cash. These two creditors never really existed; the cash payments charged to their accounts simply reverted to the jobber's own pocket. This frequently used "system" worked well until the tax evader fired his bookkeeper. The latter was not averse to sharing his ex-employer's "system" with the Treasury.

Most cash transactions are simple to catch when the Government examines sellers. As mentioned before, any large or unusual amount of cash where credit was formerly used, or is customarily used, puts an agent on guard. From there on it is a relatively simple matter to start a spot check of customers and sources of supply. The difference between the records of others and the tax evader's records soon stands out like the proverbial sore thumb.

Agents are likewise constantly alert to the possibility of fake employees on the payroll. A friend or relative is carried on the books for a salary for which he never does any work. Often he even kicks back part of his "salary" in cash to his "employer." This enables both parties to profit. Cases have also been found where entirely fictitious names were carried on the payroll. In one such case the employer withheld income tax, paid and deducted social security and state unemployment compensation. That was a comparatively small price, he thought, to pay for the extra income and self-devised tax savings he gained. But this trick failed when the Bureau of Internal Revenue began to wonder why one of

the non-existent employ  s failed to file an income tax return.

Nothing gives an evader away more than his desire to spend or invest his unreported income. Here too the Government patiently checks its endless sources of information. In addition to visiting customers, creditors, and brokers, Treasury agents often probe records of security transactions, car registrations, and department store sales. And in explaining the source of invested funds, the burden of proof rests on the taxpayer.

The sales of real estate provide a fertile field for income tax information. Since such transactions are recorded in the local registry of deeds, it is relatively simple for the Internal Revenue agents to abstract lists of buyers, sellers and mortgagors.

Tax evaders have been caught by the comparatively simple device of carding the names of purchasers in land record offices in a given area. The names that appear frequently as acquiring property are checked further; first with the sellers, to get a picture of the amounts involved in the purchases; then against the buyer's income tax return. Many a buyer has felt large beads of perspiration stand out on his forehead when, on being called to the Collector's office, he has been confronted with a neatly typed list of his real estate purchases which greatly exceeded his reported income.

Other cheaters are caught when the details of mortgages are checked. The deed may indicate a large mortgage on the property, but a further investi-

gation by Revenue agents with the mortgagor will show that the obligation amounting to several hundred thousand dollars had been paid by cash shortly after the original sale. The purchaser is then asked to explain the source of his additional income and is sometimes unable to do so.

III

Banks, too, make fertile fields for investigators. Working closely with the banks, the Government has many methods of tracking down bank accounts under assumed names. I cannot disclose them here but suffice it to say that Revenue agents haven't had much trouble tracing the real sources of the funds regardless of the names of the accounts.

The Treasury now has the benefit of a directive to all banks, requiring a report of unusual currency transactions, and any involving "amounts or denominations which in the judgment of the financial institutions exceed those customary to the legitimate conduct of the business." These reports are now required monthly from all banks, building and loan associations, commodity brokers and check-cashing firms. These institutions send monthly reports to the Federal Reserve Banks in their district, which in turn make the data available to the Treasury. These reports also include brokers' accounts.

To obtain a conviction in tax fraud cases, the Government does not always have to prove fraud. Existence

of fraud is considered proved if the taxpayer cannot or will not explain his financial position. It is enough for the Government to show that over a period of years expenditures have exceeded income. The courts approve this method, ruling that although a fraud penalty was involved in which the burden of proof is vested with the Treasury, the burden of proving correct income remains with the taxpayer.

Government auditors have found that curiosity pays. Take the case of Mr. Smith. For years he had overlooked the need for filing an adequate income tax return. Fortunately for Mr. Smith, the Government had also seemed to have overlooked Mr. Smith's failings. But one day Mrs. Smith decided on a divorce. In court, demanding alimony, she testified to Mr. Smith's income. The alert Bureau of Internal Revenue noted Mrs. Smith's testimony in the papers. A check-up revealed Mr. Smith's oversight. When Mr. Smith is released, he will undoubtedly pay more attention to the tax regulations.

The idea that the Government is not interested in the little fellow when he evades taxes is a fallacy. Service workers such as waiters, barbers, manicurists, cab drivers, night club musicians and domestics think they are immune to check-ups. According to the field representatives of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, they are subject to the same checks as everyone else.

The old trick used by domestics — changing jobs frequently to keep their

income from any one employer below the \$500 minimum necessary to file a return — won't work. Investigators are now in the field in city and suburban areas. If anyone has any doubt as to whether or not tips must be included as income, the answer is yes. The war boom and help shortage have led to generous tipping, often doubling and trebling service employé's incomes. Cab drivers have found it profitable to work at war jobs in the daytime and "hack" at night. The government simply uses the returns of honest cab drivers as a yardstick for checking similar earnings by dishonest ones. Waiters have been in demand at private parties and on week-end jobs in night clubs near camps and war plants. Entertainers, likewise, often have held additional jobs during the day. The Internal Revenue Bureau is well aware of what has been happening. It cites the case of the fellow found singing soft Hawaiian songs and strumming a ukulele in a suburban hot spot. A check showed that, together with a daytime war job, his total earnings over three years averaged \$325 per week. He had never, much to his present sorrow, reported his earnings as a musician.

The arm of the Bureau is long and its patience is great. It is content at times to wait even until death occurs to prove fraud. Thus a safe deposit box or some other hoard may reveal cash and other assets bought from unreported income. Banks may not open safe deposit boxes after death unless a Government representative is

present. Naturally he reports his findings to the Treasury. Then the Government steps in to claim its share.

So, when March 15 rolls around, if you can't trust your conscience to be your guide on tax matters, remember that the Bureau of Internal Revenue is the agency that obtained convictions of the toughest professional

crooks in the country when other law enforcing agencies were stymied. Remember that the Government has shown it can catch tax cheaters, large and small, and will continue to do so. Don't neglect to take advantage of the many deductions to which the law entitles you. But don't try evasion. It just doesn't pay.



YOUR LEAFY VOICE

BY MARION DOYLE

MAY I, who so love woodlands,
When my body goes
Back to nourish grasses,
The nettle or the rose,
Find your hand outstretched to guide
My bewildered spirit back,
Down the pathways of the wind
And the blinding zodiac,
To some wooded hillside slope
Such as now I see,
And crying in your leafy voice,
Open sesamel
Bid my homing spirit
Welcome to a tree.

THE BETRAYAL OF POLAND

BY RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

IF WORLD WAR II has any meaning it is that the people of Poland and other victims of Axis aggression should have the right to choose their way of life and their economic and political system. But this right has been denied to the people of Poland. Today they are being subjected to a reign of terror imposed by a Communist minority backed by Russian force. Those Poles who believe in the independence of their country are systematically being liquidated.

It is my considered judgment that the present fate of Poland is one of the great outrages of history. In certain respects the outrage exceeds that of the partitions of the eighteenth century simply because this time the destruction of an independent Poland is being accomplished with tacit American help and consent.

This is a strong statement to make. But it can be documented. Probably the best published report so far upon conditions in Poland has been by Mr. Gladwin Hill of the *New York Times*.

Published last October, his articles were written after he had visited Poland. He reports the existence of a "subtle reign of terror" with possibly 100,000 political prisoners in jail and concentration camps, whose only offense is opposition to the "current Communist-dominated régime." He further states (October 24) that "Poland is in the throes of an intense political struggle. It is a struggle led by Moscow-trained Communists to get permanent political control of a country that is historically conservative." He tells how the Russian troops which stand back of this Communist-dominated régime are stripping Poland of industrial plants, cattle and numerous other articles, thereby deepening terrible economic distress.

A similar eye-witness account is given by Representative Thomas S. Gordon, Democratic Congressman from Illinois, who recently visited Poland and other European countries as part of a Congressional delegation. On October 27 he declared:

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The Russian occupation army is behaving very badly. We saw their arrogance in taking advantage of the poor people [of Warsaw]. We saw the nearby highways jammed with hundreds of heads of cattle, horses and farming implements being taken out of Poland by the Russians. Pillaging of the shops on the streets was going on most freely, and the snatching of purses from Polish women is a daily occurrence. There is also wholesale raping of Polish women. When resistance is offered, the Russian soldiers kill . . . The Poles do not speak openly about their troubles. They whisper in one another's ears. Public meetings are run and controlled by the Communists and there is no free discussion in the press, despite the fact that newspapers are numerous. There is a very strict censorship . . . There is no self-rule anywhere — even in the villages. All officials are appointed by the Government. Any reported anti-Soviet talk subjects one to immediate arrest and a word uttered against Stalin is fatal. . . . There is the general belief that go per cent of the population are against the present dictatorship.

I have talked to American prisoners of war released from German prison camps in Poland by the Soviet armies. They tell the same story as Gladwin Hill and Congressman Gordon. Only recently I spent an evening with a young Polish lawyer just liberated from four years in a German prison camp. "Is your father still in Poland?" I asked. "No," he said, "my father and mother have been deported by the Russians to Siberia on the charge that their sons are 'criminals'. Our 'crime' was to leave the Russian occupied zone to join the Allied armies in their struggle against Germany."

Moreover, I have recently received a lengthy private memorandum from

a very reliable source stating in great detail present conditions in Poland. It shows how behind the façade of a "coalition" government consisting of four "fake" parties, Poland today is ruled by three Communists, members of the old Comintern and citizens of foreign countries. These are Boleslaw Bierut, President of the National Council, a citizen of Soviet Russia, Wladyslaw Gomolka, Vice Premier of Poland but a citizen of France, and Stanislaw Radkiewicz, Minister of Public Security, a man who hardly knows Polish and who is a high official in the Soviet political police. "In fact, Soviet employés, who are unseen from the outside, are in charge of all Polish governmental agencies."

As to the present reign of terror in Poland the memorandum states: "Practically every day Poles disappear from the streets in a mysterious manner, without a trace. It is a matter of public knowledge that mass arrests and deportations to Siberia continue . . . Leaders of the Home Army and those who offered the most stubborn opposition to the German occupation are punished . . . Exactly as during the German occupation, the purpose of this action is to deprive the nation of its leaders." Despite government appeals, half a million Poles are still hiding in the forests.

"In the beginning of 1945 the NKVD deported thousands of Poles from Wilno, Grodno, Bialystok. The scale of deportations is well demonstrated by the fact that 143 railway cars were filled with arrested Poles

in Bialystok and sent to Russia. From Grodno, 125 carloads of deportees set out for Russia. During one week alone, in January 1945, the NKVD made mass arrests in Lvov which netted some 6000 persons." On the other hand, no Pole can leave the country except on special mission.

Meanwhile the Communist dictatorship, directed from Moscow, is carrying on sweeping "reforms." The sober London *Economist* declared on May 12 that "Poland is undergoing a process of virtual Sovietization." Much publicized agrarian reforms have been enacted, doing little good to the peasants who have been systematically robbed of their cattle and their vehicles. All Polish banks have been nationalized. The Soviet authorities have sent to Russia from Poland all the locomotives and freight cars in good shape. Foreign trade is a state monopoly. The economic system as a whole may be roughly compared to Russia's NEP.

Poland is in acute economic distress. According to Congressman Gordon, "UNRRA has failed to alleviate the terrible sufferings of the Polish nation." Most of the supplies sent to Poland by UNRRA have been stolen and sold on the black market at prices inaccessible to the population. Russia takes all the credit for UNRRA, although 72 per cent of its budget comes from the United States. Poland is not only in acute economic distress, but is confronted by a tragic public health situation. Tuberculosis is rampant, particularly among the children, and

venereal disease is widespread. Nearly a million Poles must spend a terrible winter in dugouts, so great is the destruction of housing.

Poland was the first nation to be attacked by Nazi Germany. It has suffered even more than Russia from this war in proportion to its resources. More than one-tenth of the people of Poland have been destroyed through bloodshed, deportation or starvation. Nevertheless Poland was the only country in Europe which did not produce a Quisling. Even Russia had its General Vlasoff.

Russia is under a very great debt to Poland. The *Polish White Book* reveals that between 1934 and 1939 the Polish Government rejected several offers from Hitler to make a joint attack on Russia. Had such offers been accepted, Russia today might be ruled by Nazi *Gauleiters*, for, as the first Finnish War was to show, Russia was not prepared to fight a major war until 1941. Russia is repaying this debt by trying to destroy the independence of one of the world's bravest people.

Poland today is being treated as an enemy, not an ally. Certainly the people of Poland are paying for this war even more than those of Germany. Clearly the present fate of Poland is one of the outrages of history.

II

A glance at the recent past reveals that between the two wars Poland made considerable progress. Despite many difficulties, the Poles succeeded in cre-

ating a state. Nevertheless their political experience during the nineteenth century had been limited to intrigue against their oppressors, and these qualities were carried over into the Republic. Fearing that Poland was drifting back into the anarchy of the *szlachta* period, General Pilsudski made the *coup d'état* of 1926, establishing a dictatorship. In 1935 the Polish parliament hastily adopted a new constitution, replacing the excessively democratic one of 1921, giving Poland an "authoritarian democracy." Following Pilsudski's death, the "Colonels" group carried on the dictatorship until the outbreak of war. But Poland did not become a completely totalitarian state. Opposition parties and newspapers remained active. Poland even under the Colonels had more freedom than does Soviet Russia today. This was demonstrated by the case of Erlich and Alter. These were Polish socialists, leaders of the Jewish Bund, highly respected throughout Europe. In pre-war Poland they were unmolested. But when they fell into the hands of Soviet Russia after 1939, they were executed despite the protest of men like the late Wendell Willkie.

Sensing the Nazi danger, Pilsudski offered to fight a preventive war against Germany in 1933. When France and Britain declined, Poland abandoned the collective security policy in favor of bilateral non-aggression pacts with Stalin in 1932 and Hitler in 1934. But after his success at Munich, Hitler turned his guns on

Poland, demanding the annexation of Danzig and the Corridor. Unlike Czechoslovakia, Poland declined to acquiesce. Meanwhile Britain, abandoning appeasement, made an agreement in 1939 with Poland guaranteeing it from attack.

During that fateful summer Britain competed with Germany for the support of Soviet Russia. Hitler won. In August 1939, Russia and Germany made their non-aggression pact. Hitler thereupon invaded Poland, followed sixteen days later by the Red Armies. On September 17 the Moscow government issued a statement saying, "The Polish government has disintegrated." The Soviet proposed to rescue the "Polish people" from their "unwise leaders." The Soviet-Nazi idea of doing so was to make the Fourth Partition of Poland on September 28. In that settlement, Russia appropriated all the territory east of the Molotov-Ribbentrop line. Germany took the rest.

To remove doubts that the people of eastern Poland wished to join the USSR, the Soviet authorities staged an election in which only one list of candidates appeared. As a result of propaganda and compulsion, about 99 per cent of the people voted to send delegates to People's Assemblies who in turn voted to join the USSR. Many Poles with the hardihood to vote "no" were deported to Siberia. Molotov and Hitler now proceeded to bury the Polish state. The Nazis exterminated the Polish leaders they could find in their areas; while the

Russians adopted a deportation policy under which they sent to Siberia and Kazakstan, Poles, including women and children, totalling, according to some authorities, over a million and a half. Possibly one-third of this number died from exposure and starvation.

Following the Russian and Nazi invasion of Poland, the government of Poland fled to Rumania. The "Colonels" group which had run the government now disappeared, and General Sikorski, regarded as a liberal and pro-Russian, became Premier. His government, which was established in France and then in London, carried on the war with British financial aid and American Lend-Lease. A newly restored Polish army fought gallantly in France, Norway, Libya, Italy, and guarded the coast of Scotland in the critical months of 1940. The Polish air force fought heroically in the Battle of Britain.

Meanwhile the Nazi-Soviet honeymoon ended in explosive divorce. On June 22, 1941, Hitler invaded Russia. Seizing upon this event, Sikorski hastened to come to terms with Moscow. In recognizing his government, Russia advanced no charges that it was illegitimate or reactionary. In July the two governments signed a pact in which the USSR "recognizes the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 as to territorial changes in Poland as having lost their validity." Nevertheless difficulties persisted. Sikorski asked for the release of the Poles deported to Siberia, and wished to extend relief to Polish citizens in the USSR. Eastern

Poland had been annexed by the USSR and Russia contended that all Poles residing in Eastern Poland were Soviet subjects. Difficulties also arose over the Russian promise to assist in the restoration of a Polish army in Russia.

To put pressure on the London Poles, the Union of Polish Patriots sprang into existence in Moscow which began to attack vehemently the Sikorski government through the radio and press, charging it with being anti-Russian, Fascist and reactionary. In fact the Sikorski government was one of the most democratic and liberal in Poland's history.

Meanwhile the so-called Katyn affair arose. In the 1939 campaign Russia had captured about 10,000 Polish officers; but when the Poles tried to find them later, as they were entitled to do under the 1941 agreement, Moscow professed to know nothing of their whereabouts. More than a year after the Germans captured the territory, the German radio, in April 1943, broadcast the discovery of 10,000 Polish bodies in the Katyn Forest, charging they had been murdered by the Russians. Virtually forced to do so by the enraged Polish Underground — perhaps the best organized in Europe — the Polish government asked the International Red Cross to investigate the cause of the death of these officers. This demand infuriated the Russians. On April 25 Moscow announced it was severing relations with the Sikorski government. Thereafter the propagandist attacks of Russia

upon this government sharply increased. With the death of Sikorski in an airplane crash, Mikolajczyk became Prime Minister. His government was even more to the left than its predecessor.

The crisis became acute as the Russian troops approached the Polish border in their great counter-offensive. Realizing the importance of establishing co-operation between its Home Army in Poland and the advancing Russian troops, the Polish government pressed for the restoration of relations with Moscow. But on January 11, 1944 the Russian government expressed a willingness to do so only if Poland would recognize the Russian annexation of all territory east of the Curzon line. The Poles replied they would negotiate on all outstanding questions, inviting the British and Americans to participate. But Moscow made it clear it wanted to settle these questions alone if at all. The Polish government now gave ground to the extent of ordering its Underground commanders to collaborate with the Red Army, and it proposed to Russia a temporary demarcation line running east of Vilna and Lvov; everything east of that line should be administered by the Russians with United Nations participation; everything west, including Vilna and Lvov, by the government-in-exile. None of these gestures satisfied Russia, which now permitted the creation of a Polish National Council, consisting of Communists and nonentities, from which the Lublin government emerged.

III

Following the Battle of Warsaw the struggle between the Lublinité government and the Polish government in London continued. In October 1944, Mikolajczyk went to Moscow still hoping to arrange a compromise. He was now willing to negotiate on the Curzon line, provided England and the United States joined in a guarantee of what was left of Poland. But his cabinet did not like this compromise; and although Churchill was willing to extend a guarantee, the United States was not. On December 18, 1944, Secretary Stettinius declared, "The United States Government continues to adhere to its traditional policy of declining to give guarantees for any specific frontiers." As a result of American isolationism and the intransigence of the Polish cabinet, Mikolajczyk resigned. An aged social democrat, Arciszewski, who had been an Underground leader, then became Prime Minister. Stalin replied by recognizing the Lublin Committee as the Provisional National Government of Poland, and by concluding an alliance with it, similar to that made with Czechoslovakia. This puppet government willingly ceded to Russia that part of Poland which Russia demanded.

And then came Yalta. In view of the intense struggle between the two Polish régimes, the world hailed with relief the Yalta declaration of February 11, 1945, with respect to Poland. The Big Three announced that the

Provisional Government should be reorganized on a democratic basis with the inclusion of democratic leaders from Poland itself and from Poles abroad. A commission was established in Moscow, consisting of Soviet Foreign Commissar V. M. Molotov, British Ambassador Clark Kerr, and American Ambassador Harriman, to consult with Polish leaders as to the reorganization of the government. The new government would be pledged to a free election as soon as possible.

The Polish government in London took the Yalta declaration in good faith. It hoped that a new attitude of conciliation was now possible. With the blessing of the British and American governments, it instructed the remaining Underground leaders in Poland — some sixteen in all — to reveal themselves to the Russian authorities in the hope of coming to terms. The Polish leaders included Jan Stanislaw Jankowski, deputy premier of the Polish government, Delegate in Poland, and three other ministers of the London government inside the country. As Foreign Secretary Eden was to declare, "Most of these men were just the type who should, in our view, have been consulted" about the new government. In fact they were the remaining democratic leaders in Poland.

The Russian government guaranteed the safety of the emissaries. The Underground leaders accepted the invitation for a conference, but asked to be allowed first to fly to London to

confer with the Polish government. But when the sixteen Polish leaders presented themselves on March 27, they did not fly to London but completely disappeared. For more than forty days no word as to their fate was given to the world.

The Polish government in London first raised the question of their whereabouts. The British government also made inquiries in Moscow but without success. Finally on May 5, Molotov casually informed Messrs. Eden and Stettinius at a dinner during the San Francisco conference that the sixteen Poles had been arrested and the "guilty ones" would be tried. The two Foreign Secretaries were much upset by this announcement. A few days later (May 19) Stalin declared that the arrests had nothing to do with the reconstruction of the Polish government, but were because these Poles had caused trouble to the Red Army behind its lines.

At first the British and American governments seemed to believe that no further discussions as to a compromise government should be made until the sixteen Poles were released. But following a trip of Harry Hopkins to Moscow, we lost interest in the sixteen Poles. Instead, the Moscow commission, on which the United States was represented, now convened a conference of Poles from Lublin, Cracow and London in an effort to get a reorganized government — but no member of the London government was invited. The Poles met between June 17 and 21.

On June 18 fifteen of the Poles (one was sick) were put on public trial in Moscow in the same court room, before the same judge and under the same procedures used in the famous purge trials of 1937 and 1938.

Seven of the Poles pleaded guilty; six pleaded guilty to "some" of the charges; one pleaded not guilty. No foreigner can know whether these "confessions" were extracted as were the "confessions" of the old Bolsheviks in the show trials of 1937. The Russian prosecutor charged that some 600 Russian soldiers had been killed in Poland at the order of the Polish Underground. He introduced a number of obscure witnesses who testified to committing overt acts against Russians in Poland. Curiously enough, the Russian prosecution preferred no charges against them. It attempted to hold the Polish Underground and the London government generally responsible for these acts, although the London government had categorically denied that it had issued instructions for the Underground to take action against the Russians.

In view of the wholesale requisitions of the Red Army which, unlike the British and American armies, lives on the land, it is quite possible that 600 Russian soldiers lost their lives at the hands of outraged Polish peasants. But to anyone who studies the record of the trial, it is clear that the sixteen Polish leaders were guilty of two main things: first, a refusal to disband the Underground which had been

heroically built up since 1939; and second, of having the strong opinion that Russia was behaving improperly in Poland and constituting a threat to Polish independence. But why should the Underground have dismantled itself so long as the London government was recognized by London and Washington? The chief offense of the sixteen Poles was that they were patriots.

The Russians staged this trial not to convict men for actual crimes, but to discredit the London régime and to force the outside Poles to adhere to Lublin. As Anna Louise Strong said over the Moscow radio, "A death penalty was both demanded and secured — that of the Polish government in London."

Moscow won again. Mikolajczyk agreed to enter the Lublin government, abandoning his former conditions, as did other outside Poles. On June 23 a new Polish government was announced, consisting of thirteen of the sixteen Communists and Communist sympathizers in the Lublin government together with two Poles from London (Mikolajczyk and Stanczyk) and two new Poles from within Poland. About the same time (June 21) twelve of the fifteen Poles were given fairly light jail sentences.

The "reorganized" Lublin government, responsible for the reign of terror existing in Poland today, quickly promised to hold free elections in accordance with the Yalta declaration; and the British and the American governments rushed to rec-

ognize it. In doing so they silently placed their imprimatur on the trial of the sixteen Poles, which was simply a political device to force the non-Lublin Poles to capitulate. At the San Francisco conference delegates of more than forty nations were solemnly debating the need of an international bill of rights. But confronted by a concrete violation of human rights, Britain and America remained silent at what in a different period of history might easily have become an international Dreyfus or Sacco-Vanzetti case. In betraying the sixteen Poles, England and America betrayed themselves and their concept of justice for which they had struggled since Magna Carta. These democracies forgot their traditional conscience in the name of Big Three Unity.

Subsequently Secretary Byrnes has expressed concern over democracy in the enemy states of Bulgaria and Rumania. But he has said nothing about the reign of terror in Poland. Apparently American policy is to show more concern over the fate of our enemies than our friends.

IV

A large number of Americans admit the truth about the present plight of Poland; but say nothing can be done about it: we needed the help of Russia to win this war, and we must pay the price, even though it means the abandonment of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms.

I disagree with such reasoning. The

policy of "appeasing" Russia in the name of Big Three Unity will be no more successful than the policy of "appeasing" Nazi Germany or Japan. If World War III is to be avoided, a more firm and just policy on the part of the United States and Britain is essential.

At the same time we must strive to meet Russia's legitimate needs. The United States has never made a real effort to confront Russia's security problem. Russia (like France and other countries) has a great fear of a new German attack. There are two ways of meeting such fears. One is by the time-honored but now antiquated quest for strategic frontiers, and a policy of keeping one's neighbors weak and divided; the other is the way of collective security. The United Nations Charter does not provide any real security guarantees. Its apparatus can be blocked by the Big Power veto. Russia itself insisted on that. And it will not abandon its unilateral quest for security, even at the expense of Poland, in favor of a document which misleads only gullible Americans.

It can be argued, of course, that Russia would reject the most far-reaching security offer from the United States, simply because the Soviets do not trust any capitalist democracy. But such an argument is no excuse for a do-nothing policy. If we advance no concrete suggestions, we do not know what the Russians will accept. Only after we do our utmost to meet the security needs of both

Russia and Poland, can we divest ourselves of our present responsibility for Poland's fate.

America should press for an end to the present reign of terror in Poland. We should demand the withdrawal of Soviet troops and secret police from an Allied country. We should urge the enactment of an electoral law insuring the right to vote to opposition parties. We should urge the international supervision of elections in Poland, as already accepted for Greece.

There are some reports that the situation has recently improved, partly because of an aroused public opinion; that Russian troops are being withdrawn and that deportations are being halted. Bad as it is, the Russian occupation of Poland is less cruel than that of the Nazis. The most important political event is that Mikolajczyk has recently organized a new Peasant Party, free from the communist-dominated parties in the government coalition.

We should realize, however, that no policy limited to Poland alone is likely to succeed. Such a policy must be accompanied by one aiming to meet Russia's general security needs and to advance the unity of Europe as a whole.

We should offer to conclude with Russia a tripartite pact under Article

52 of the United Nations Charter, in which the United States and Britain should agree to come instantly to Russia's aid in case of attack, provided the dispute is referred to some form of conciliation or arbitration. To institutionalize this pledge we should agree to participate in United Nations forces permanently stationed between Russia and Germany.

Finally, we should urge the Big Three and France to sponsor a European conference under which representatives from every European state meet and attempt to agree upon steps looking toward some kind of federalized Europe. Hitherto Russia has opposed a federal Europe, ostensibly on the fear that a new bloc would be directed against her. But if the United States and Britain give Russia a concrete guarantee against attack, the basis of this fear would be removed. Should Russia nevertheless oppose the idea of a united and strong Europe, the world would know where it stands.

The remaining alternative would be to proceed to create a western bloc to which Great Britain and America should adhere. The mere existence of such a bloc, reviving democracy and enterprise over a large area of the world, should cause the present wave of Russian imperialism peacefully to recede.



BOSTON NOCTURNE

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

SOME hold that the Square looks its best in winter, and at early candle-lighting, when yellow beams through the handsome bow windows pattern the snow, and the figure of Aristides at one end of the oval green stands ghostly in the twilight. I think it matters little. By sun or moon, in spring or winter, the tiny piece of ground on the west slope of Beacon Hill has more mellow charm than any other spot I know in the United States. For well over a century it has been Louisburg Square.

The moon must rise high over Boston Harbor before its rays fall into the Square; and something happens to its beams, and to those of the sun as well, when they touch the ancient houses and the greensward caged in its fence of hand-wrought iron; the resulting lights and shadows are not to be caught on a lens but are to be seen only in old prints.

The first thing that strikes one about the Square, after sensing immediately its nostalgic beauty, is its serene aloofness, its isolation. Here it is, almost in the heart of a great and crowded city. Scarce a block away in every direction are arteries of tremendous traffic, and all around it Boston rumbles and bleats and toots

and clatters — yet here all of the noises are muted. The roar of trucks on Charles Street arrives in the Square like the murmur of a distant waterfall. Fire sirens along Arlington Street would not rouse a dozing robin in the yews of the Square. And the frightful din of the El's shuttle trains from North to South Stations sounds like a soft-footed maid pattering down a McIntire stairway. Indeed, for all I know, Louisburg Square may be the opposite of a sound pocket, if there is such a thing — a place that simply refuses to catch or even to listen to sound.

Doubtless the buildings that line the upper and lower sides have something to do with the seldom broken silence. They rise four, and some of them five stories and form solid banks of brick and stone that shatter and repulse the dreadful noises of a modern city. At each end of the Square more solid houses on Pinckney and Mount Vernon Streets add to the wall of insulation. Whatever the reason, one thing is certain: one steps from Boston and clamor into Louisburg Square and hush, in a matter of seconds.

One comes to the Square from any direction, but comes best, perhaps, by starting at Beacon and Tremont

Streets, in the shadow of black old King's Chapel and the Parker House, both venerable institutions in the Hub of the Universe, and walking up Beacon Street, passing the cloistered Atheneum, passing Goodspeed's Book Shop, and the Capitol with its authentic Bulfinch wing, turning right to Mount Vernon Street, and so on over the brow of the Hill to the Square.

THE Proprietors of the Square shall be held responsible for clearing the streets of snow, or débris of storms; and for all repairs and maintenance of the walks, the park, and its fence.

In a way the Square is no part of Boston at all, for this oval park, the streets and the sidewalks, all are privately owned and most privately administered by the Proprietors of Louisburg Square, one of the more hoary corporations of the city, who meet each February in a strictly private town-meeting to assess themselves for maintenance and to elect officers for the ensuing year. Lest the outland heathen mistakenly think this to be mere flummery growing out of tradition, he should know that the City of Boston, in a misguided moment, once erected a small polling booth in the Square to be used in a municipal election. The Proprietors said nothing, but they sent an austere bill to the City for rent amounting to \$125, and the City paid.

Nor is an automobile to be parked here unless it is visibly and genteelly

sponsored by a special parking tag issued by one of the Louisburg Square Proprietors. The Square, I repeat, is private property and nowhere else on earth is private property held in more esteem than in Louisburg Square.

AND they found himme, the said Wm. Blaxton, living alone on ye hill above ye sea, the onlie white person in all this greate solitude & savage Wilder-ness. Yet ye same had huge store of fruits & of bookes.

I never fail to visit the place when I am in Boston. I like best to walk it on a night in autumn and to reflect on its genealogy, which is impeccable and goes back beyond the lines of comelatelys like the Saltonstalls and Cabots, even beyond the Winthrops. Here when the leaves are falling and rustling across the red bricks and whispering of winter coming down from New Hampshire, I like to think of the Square's first proprietor, William Blackstone, who was an old settler when the Puritans arrived. They found him, did the Winthrops and Dudleys and Mathers, the one white man in all these woods, an orchard already bearing behind his hut, his shelves stacked with some two hundred well-read volumes.

There is yet a good deal of mystery about old Blackstone, this primordial Bostonian. He was a genuine recluse who, if he must have company, preferred "ye Indeans" to whites. In the midst of his orchard he had dug a wondrous spring, a font that flowed

liquid ice throughout the year and fathered a small stream. He himself was as cool as the spring to the Puritans, though he did give them good aid and succor in their many troubles. He observed aloud that he had left England because of the lord-bishops, and now, he continued, he thought he did not like the lord-brethren any better. So, he presently pulled his stakes and went away, to make another lonely pitch on the heretical soil of Rhode Island, the only safe spot in all New Canaan for a man who strained at theological boundaries.

THE acres of Blackstone on the Hill were handed down from one Puritan to another until, in 1769, they were purchased by John Singleton Copley.

Aye, a great genealogy, that of the Square. When he bought the land on the Hill, Copley was already one of Boston's most noted citizens, and rightly so, for his portraits of Otis and Revere and Samuel Adams and other stout Revolutionary Fathers are alive and magnificent, let the Modernists say what they will. Copley built him a fine house on Copley's Acres, a block from the present Square, and I can picture him coming here to gather the Blackstone apples and to lift a jug of pure cold water from the Blackstone spring, his fine hands stained from the pigments he used to paint the Patriots. But the shot that went around the world found the artist abroad and he never returned.

After the Revolution Copley's

Acres were broken up and sold in pieces; and by 1820 that portion of them that is now the Square had begun to take on its present form, but not yet its name. That had to wait until 1834. It seems odd, and it would be odd in any other place but Boston, that the celebrated Expedition against Cape Breton Island and Louisburg had been almost a century in the past before someone was inspired to immortalize it in name.

MANY elegant domiciles were established in this place, which has just been named in honor of the intrepid Expedition led in 1746 by Sir William Pepperell against the French.

Sir William himself, scarlet coat and all, had been in his grave seventy-five years before the Square was named. But if it had to wait long for its christening, its glory was soon to come and its glory was no sudden blooming that withered swiftly. It was a long flowering that is yet, a century and more later, not in the sere. Neither Concord nor Cambridge was to know a greater intellectual and artistic era than that of the Square.

MISS L. M. ALCOTT, and her venerable father who is ailing, have lately moved into the house at Number 10 Louisburg Square.

Yes, that is the very same house. The numbers have not been changed. You should have seen the Square when Miss Alcott lived here. Un-

seemly street urchins took to haunting the place, to watch for the black carriage of the tall spinster who was usually wrapped in furs, even in August, to fight for first chance to open the door for her. Louisa May never failed to give them pennies, and often wiped a small nose with a dainty handkerchief that smelled of lavender. "Msalkot" was a goddess to these youngsters. They felt bad to see her shiver so, even when the sun was hot on the Square, and they felt worse when she coughed.

In her low, hoarse voice, Louisa May would often call them to this very door of Number 10, to give them some grapes or dessert that old Bronson, babbling his senility in an upper room, had refused. They knew she was some sort of writer, but they couldn't know that she wrote what she said was Moral Pap for the young. Yet it paid the interminable debts of her noble and incompetent father until, one day in March of 1888, at last — and talking still — he died. And poor Miss Alcott died two days after. . . .

There were other notables. Take Number 5 there, classic from its lowest step to the roof. In Number 5 the Honorable John Gorham Palfrey edited manuscripts for the *North American Review*, and he also wrote history and served in Congress. At the trial of an unfortunate Harvard professor, charged with applying a club to one of the Parkmans, Mr. Palfrey declared sonorously that Professor Webster was a man of some

temper but of extremely good heart. . . .

The Square was saddened by the murder and trial and hanging, the latter in 1850. But all was festive two years later, and there was much rice and many ribbons, when Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, was married at Number 20, with both pomp and music, though Mr. Barnum was not present. At the Pinckney Street end of the Square lived Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in a house that inspired Longfellow to his *The Hanging of the Crane*, and Mr. Aldrich wrote a famous book about a bad boy, though it is not much read today. Celia Thaxter lived a while on the Square, writing poems and some rather good prose, such as *Among the Isles of Shoals*, a sensation in the *Atlantic*. Mr. Howells, who wrote books and edited the *Atlantic*, also lived on the Square.

Not in Mr. Howells' day, but before, there was a time when the Square seethed and boiled with ideas that made the pretty bow windows tremble. In these tall, narrow houses Boston's Abolitionists met to hear Theodore Parker in his best drawing-room style, and often Wendell Phillips.

WHEN the iron was applied to the flesh it gave forth a loud spitting noise, like that of pork a-frying.

They came, too, to meet Jonathan Walker, the slave-runner whose right hand carried the brand SS, meaning Slave Stealer, applied by the sovereign

court of Pensacola, Florida, where Walker was taken in his nefarious business. Old Whittier came to meet Walker. He looked with smouldering eyes on the seared flesh, then went away to write a famous declamatory poem, *The Branded Hand*, long an elocutionary fire-bell at Northern schools. A man who suffered more than Walker did from the States having split asunder lived on the Square briefly. He was Edwin Booth, the actor, brother of the great ham, J. Wilkes. Edwin was a kindly man, no believer in slavery, who was lucky to escape the lynching that threatened all of his name, after that dreadful fourteenth of April in '65. Long after Booth another person of the theatre lived on the Square. She was Minnie Maddern, who married a Fiske, though not the Harvard philosopher.

Around that corner of Mount Vernon Street — just a door or two from the Square — Francis Parkman lived. He wrote on paper that was marked with string into lines that his hands could feel — he was all but blind — to compose his books in American history.

Two doors from Parkman was John Lathrop Motley, minister to Austria, then to Great Britain, who wrote a notable history of the United Netherlands. On Mount Vernon, too, abutting the Square, lived Margaret Deland, whose *John Ward, Preacher*, shocked almost everybody except the Unitarians.

Even some of the Unitarians were dismayed when lovely Anne Whitney

chipped out of white marble a life-sized statue of Dame Godiva, complete with horse, and wholly and obviously both naked and female. Miss Whitney had her home and studio near the Square after 1872, and here she created her figure of Samuel Adams, which stands in Washington, and her statue of Charles Sumner, which sits in Harvard Square in Cambridge; to say nothing of her fine portrait busts of Mrs. Stowe, Miss L. Stone and St. Frances Willard. Miss Whitney, despite her Godiva, retained her social and artistic place in Boston, and lived to be ninety-three. She died in 1915, just when the first taxicabs were beginning to pollute the air of Beacon Hill.

MARK ANTHONY DE WOLFE HOWE, *patriarch of Boston letters, observed his eightieth birthday yesterday by continuing work on his next book. He walked to the Atheneum to consult a few authorities, had lunch at the Tavern Club with his old colleague, Ira Rich Kent, then returned on foot to his home in Louisburg Square.*

Mr. Howe lives at Number 16, where he works in his basement library; and every little while, as for half a century past, another of his charming and authentic volumes on Yankees and Yankee life appears. A former associate editor of the *Youth's Companion*, he recalls with a shudder the horrible storm that blew into the sanctum when, for the first time in a century, a fictional young man was

permitted to kiss a fictional young woman, in the theretofore chaste and non-biological columns of the *Companion*.

Mr. Howe believes that life on Louisburg Square is much today as it was a hundred years ago. He doesn't mind, much, when on Christmas Eve thousands of Bostonians swarm over the bricks of the Square, to peer into the fabulous windows, and to hear the carolers sing sweetly of mangers and stars and Wise Men. But I am fairly certain that the Square's first dweller would not like it any better than he liked the arrival of the Puritans.

Louisburg Square in 1946 is quite obviously not decaying physically; nor is there as yet any sign of an intellectual decay. Almost one-third of the householders are to be found in *Who's Who in America*, in contrast to a national average of only one in 4,000. Surely this is no winter of the mind, nor even an Indian summer. The present inhabitants are distinguished in their several fields, and are writers, publishers, financiers, antiquarians, attorneys, engineers. I doubt that the Square could have done better at any time in its long and often brilliant life.



Resurrection in Peace —

It is not among the least of the calamities of a long continued war, that it unhinges the mind from those nice sensations which at other times appear so amiable. The continued spectacle of woe blunts the finer feelings, and the necessity of bearing with the sight, renders it familiar. In like manner, are many of the moral obligations of society weakened, till the custom of acting by necessity becomes an apology, where it is truly a crime. Yet let but a nation conceive rightly of its character, and it will be chastely just in protecting it. None ever began with a fairer than America and none can be under a greater obligation to preserve it.

The debt which America has contracted, compared with the cause she has gained, and the advantages to flow from it, ought scarcely to be mentioned. She has it in her choice to do, and to live as happily as she pleases. The world is in her hands. She has no foreign power to monopolize her commerce, perplex her legislation, or control her prosperity. The struggle is over, which must one day have happened, and, perhaps, never could have happened at a better time. And instead of a domineering master, she has gained an ally whose exemplary greatness, and universal liberality, have extorted a confession even from her enemies.

— THOMAS PAINE: *Thoughts on Peace*

CHIEF JUSTICE STONE

BY WALTON HAMILTON

HARLAN FISKE STONE is a legacy from Calvin Coolidge to FDR. Not that any one of the three intended it; for Coolidge would never have passed on anything New Dealish; Roosevelt would never have turned to Calvin the Cool for a good thing; and Stone would never have sought to become a human bridge between two eras. Accident conspired with merit to catapult Stone into the high office of Chief Justice.

Coolidge had most to do with it. Harding had passed into heaven and history; the oil scandals of Teapot Dome had refused to follow. The Department of Justice, under Daugherty, had hit an all-time low. There had to be a new Attorney-General — a man of integrity, yet sound and conservative. Coolidge reached into his past and came up with Stone who had been in the class ahead of him at Amherst, a lawyer to big business, a partner to a son-in-law of the House of Morgan. Stone took the office seriously, stilled the voice of scandal and enforced the law against rich as

well as poor with a vigor the administration found embarrassing. After eleven months, therefore, it became expedient to show him the way upstairs — to a seat on the United States Supreme Court.

There he remained until the retirement of “the Old Fox” — the Honorable Charles Evans Hughes. The record has it that Stone was appointed Chief Justice on June 27, 1941. The fact is that he sealed his own doom five and a half years earlier, when he read a vigorous dissent to the judgment of his Court declaring the first Agricultural Adjustment Act to be null and void. Congress had gone in for farm relief; and the Supreme Court, which had filled a row of graves with Acts of FDR’s first Congress, saw an invitation to another judicial murder.

It was the decisive battle — the Gettysburg — in the war between FDR and the old Court. Stone did not, so far as the evidence goes, regard the plan as an ultimate in human wisdom. But the opinion of Roberts,

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joined in by Hughes and the Four Horsemen — Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland and Butler — aroused him because it denied the right of Congress to experiment in search of an answer to a pressing problem. Joined by Brandeis and Cardozo, he came across with a protest which riddled the official argument and made the headlines. He pointed out that the issue was the power of Congress, not the wisdom of its act; he accused his brethren of corrupting the plain language of the Constitution with their own economic views. Then in a moment of sheer genius he set it down that, whereas the decisions of the other agencies were subject to review, “the only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of self-restraint.”

The line fell under the eye of a President whose most fervent wish was that the Supreme Court should stay out of his show. From that moment Stone was destined to be Chief Justice.

II

As to how Harlan Fiske Stone became Doc Stone there are two schools of thought. The one finds the explanation in college where, proclaiming his intention to be a physician, he went in heavily for science. The other traces it back to the small boy who, with a box of harmless pills, went the rounds of a New England village. He comes from rugged New England stock, too self-proud to impose views

or do a shabby thing. He early became a Republican; Chesterfield, New Hampshire, where he was born, was too close to the Vermont line for any other political faith. He was sent to Massachusetts Aggie; allowed his individualism to become quite rugged; was “requested” to leave the college. It was, of course, the one chapel rush in which he took no part that led to his exit. At once he took himself across town and, in spite of being two years shy on high school, wangled himself into Amherst College. Whether President Seelye sensed distinction-in-embryo, or could detect football talent at a glance, the records do not reveal.

At Amherst, Stone paid his way by selling the new-fangled writing machines; helped as right guard on the football team to administer a terrific drubbing to Williams and Dartmouth; failed to reconcile compulsory chapel with religious freedom. Sabrina, a molten image mascot, was in possession of the odd-year classes. Another lad relieved the express office at Springfield of her custody; and Stone, in those horse-and-buggy days, carried the goddess away and hid her in a barn belonging to the father of the girl he later married. So secure was the hiding place that, although custom decreed a public appearance every spring, it was twenty-nine years before the odd classes got their mascot back.

All of this, however, was prologue. Doc Stone's great feat was to make life unpleasant for the president. A

man named Gates — known to the students as Gates Ajar — had succeeded Seelye. He made up in omniscience for any lack in intellect or tact. He lorded it over the faculty; questioned the good faith of the students; generated an atmosphere of mutual suspicion. Stone rushed in where safety held mere professors on the sidelines. As president of the class of '94, he appointed a committee of five, with himself as chairman, to explore the unhappy mess. The report, largely Doc Stone's work, was searching, sincere and fair; it was adopted almost unanimously by the student body. As a slow fuse, it set off the explosion that blasted Gates out of the college. Of the five fellow roughnecks, one died young; one became a distinguished liberal lawyer; one served for thirty years as headmaster of a famous boys' school; two ended up as professors of theology. The great thing Stone learned at Amherst was not to abandon hell-raising but to subdue it to due process of law.

A good-bye to medicine, a degree in law, a peep at Wall Street from the inside — and Stone was back at Columbia. As law school dean, all he had to do was to drive law into the heads of youngsters; keep a faculty of prima donnas in a state of relative peace; blaze paths which jurists, including himself, were later to follow; and banish Nicholas Murray Butler, as far as possible, from the premises. As he came to his task, Harvard, mistaking the case method for a philosophy of education, was grinding the small

grist of legal law; at Yale, heretical desire had not yet flamed beneath the elms. At Columbia alone was there ferment as up-to-date fact collided with the ancient law.

As a teacher, Stone did not lay down the law; instead he conducted a critical inquiry, stuck his neck out, expected from the cub a like exposure. He could refer to his first class as containing several persons who tried "very successfully" to floor him. On the back of an examination paper he scribbled, "Interesting; of course no court in the land would agree with you." The youth, reading the comment, experienced a sinking heart — until his eye fell on a big round A. As dean, he lived amid tumult. Conservatives on his staff called him dangerous; the radicals referred to him as a back number. He refused to muzzle either group. Because of him or in spite of him — the controversy still rages — he left the Columbia Law School a more exciting place than he found it.

During the last war he took time out officially to inquire into the treatment of conscientious objectors. Since to him the alien was a human being, he denounced "the red raids" of the early 'twenties. As Attorney-General, he discovered J. Edgar Hoover and put him in charge of the FBI. And, unlike Hughes and Brandeis, he did not from the bench strike out against FDR's plan to reform the Court.

Family, association, temperament all impelled him to accept the status quo, but a passion to drive to the

heart of the matter disclosed to him a world in change. Unlike the Four Horsemen he could not stand pat; unlike Brandeis and Cardozo he had no liberal articles of faith to serve as guide. His mind called to judgment was a battleground, but over personal qualities in conflict there reigned an integrity which would not yield.

III

As Stone took his seat on the high bench, it was nip and tuck as to how he would go. So close was the balance of values which drove left and right that circumstance was in the saddle. As Chief Justice, Taft was, with eminence and jollity, barely holding together a discordant group. The Four Horsemen — Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland and Butler — had already formed the alliance which was to upset Roosevelt's legislative program. They needed only Taft or Sanford to translate their own opinions into the law. Already they were laying the hand of paralysis upon Congress and the state legislatures. In opposition were Holmes and Brandeis, insisting that the destinies of the people should be left to their chosen representatives. The times did not invite constructive work; the great bull market was rampant. Business was the miracle man; the government, the villain in the piece. Coolidge wanted things to take their course; the majority of the Court concurred. The easy thing for Stone to do was to go along with the majority.

Instead, circumstance intervened and he moved to the left. Stone had no high regard for the Four Horsemen; he had refused to take Sutherland on his faculty when the ex-Senator thought he could teach constitutional law. Holmes had won him by his brilliance and his preaching of judicial restraint; Brandeis, by his careful reasoning and his respect for the facts. A triple alliance led to the now familiar line, "Holmes, Brandeis and Stone, JJ., dissenting." In standing together, the three were cast in different molds. Holmes, to whom the rise and fall of nations were mere incidents in human history, was an Olympian. If a person, the country, the human race yearned to take the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire, it was all right with him. "My good brother Brandeis" burned with a passion for social righteousness; if the law-makers took steps to abate great evils, he did not want the courts to interfere. Stone just wanted all the issues, all the facts, and time to make his mind up. Holmes played his hunches; Brandeis jumped to the moral issue; Stone abided the result of inquiry. So Holmes's doubt, Brandeis's faith, Stone's questioning led the same way. And when Cardozo took Holmes's place, the accord became even closer.

A judge has a way of his own as unmistakable as a composer — and Stone brought a distinctive craft to the work of the Court. A law of New York said that the broker could not sell theatre tickets for more than the

box-office price plus fifty cents. The Court struck the act down as blasphemy against the law of supply and demand; and Holmes, in dissent, wrote a beautiful essay on the glories of the theatre. But Stone, voting with him, accused the majority of reaching its result by arguing in a circle. A year later in a case involving employment agencies, the Court repeated its argument and Stone drew tighter the circular noose about his brethren. Six years later, after a number of law review articles had proved Stone was right, the Court took it all back. But, as luck would have it, it fell to Roberts to confess that the former decisions "*rested on historical error.*" Stone was all during this period in the forefront of the fight for civil liberties; the techniques by which anti-trust cases are now handled are largely of his creation.

Stone's idiom is far more legalistic than that of Holmes or Brandeis. Holmes you can enjoy and quote. Brandeis's great dissents are miniature tomes which carry all before them. Stone's opinions, lifted out of the law reports, lose their life. The case may concern cement, maple flooring, motion pictures, the gross-against-axle-weight of trucks, the relation of the *minimum wage* to the falling of the heavens. On his yes or no may rest the revenue of the government, the future of trade unions, the character of the business system. Yet in his opinions you will find no clinical report on an industry, no essay on policy in the grand manner, no burial service

over the Constitution. Whatever the temptation, he does not let the urge to unpack his mind divert him from the job at hand, which is to affirm or to reverse the judgment of the court below. His opinions go where — and only where — the legal issues lead them.

A group of liberal senators had voted against Stone's confirmation. Tom Walsh changed his mind; George Norris recanted in a public statement. One wonders whether Calvin the Silent ever repented his one Supreme Court appointment.

IV

It was another Court, other issues, a new world which Stone met as Chief Justice. When, in a weather-beaten hut high up in the Rockies, he took the oath of office, he was nearing seventy. The volume of work was climbing; the confusion of our times was written all over his docket. The judicial climate was no longer that of Taft or Hughes. FDR had discovered that, if he could not pack the Court, he could unpack it. Death and a chance to retire on full pay had removed some of the brethren. Youth, vigor, diversity of mind made it impossible to refer to the new bench as "the nine old men."

Stone remained Stone. But accident is fickle; and circumstance, which had tipped the balance to the left, now inclined it to the right. He was not quite at home on the made-over Court. Stone as a minority

member had fought the good fight. He was now disposed to accept the goals set in protest as ultimates and to say "let us abide in this place for it is holy ground." But the new men, reading the old dissents as if they had been the opinions of the Court, were inclined to ask, "Where do we go from here?" At Amherst, at Columbia, on the old bench, Stone had been no virtuoso who could go it alone; he had always, even when his part was dissonance, been a member of the orchestra. Holmes, Brandeis, Cardozo were illustrious persons in whose company it was comfortable to be. The new men were his juniors; their eminence was still to be won. Roberts, the only other survivor, had never been a familiar; and chance, which once drove them apart, then slowly drew them together. For four years Roberts sat at Stone's right, and the attentive visitor to the courtroom could not fail to note the whispered conversations between them. Roberts almost always began the confab — usually when Black or Douglas was quizzing counsel. A casual remark would never move the Chief Justice; but Roberts was astutely aware of the long-time effect of the reiterated beat. And, when Roberts departed, there went with him a term in the delicately balanced equation of judicial decision.

The shift to the right should occasion no surprise. A conservative attitude, dominant or recessive, has always been there. Few persons of his years could entertain the problems thrown up by a world in transition or

blaze untrodden paths for the law. An unkind fate had imposed upon his executive capacities a long idleness. A clash between the old justice and the new office dogs his opinions. Hughes, when out-voted, knew graciously how to yield. He was therefore in a position to subdue faction and to limit dissent to truly great issues. Stone has kept his militant individualism; even on minor issues he insists upon speaking his own mind. By example he thus provokes dissent even when the case marks no great turning point in the law. And it may well be that, with so able and spirited a team, Stone regards it as his duty to apply the brakes rather than put on the power. The result is that his Court does keep the law alive — and with a discord of voices.

Thus, although at the helm, he does not direct the voyage. On occasion he is out in front; he alone refused to go along when the Court, trembling for the safety of the nation, ordered a couple of school children to salute the flag. But his opinion prevailed when in a second case three of the brethren recanted and the Court reversed itself.

A few years ago he joined Holmes in a protest against the denial of citizenship to a woman whose only offense was that she took the Sermon on the Mount seriously. But the other day he cast the deciding vote in denying the right to practise law to a youth who suffered the same infirmity. As one of a minority of three he could see no issue of civil liberty

in a seven-year attempt to banish Harry Bridges, the West Coast labor leader, from the country. To him the order of deportation was a simple administrative ruling — and nothing more. Here the record of the Chief Justice, although good, is not one of which Associate Justice Stone would have been proud.

In the economic realm it is not so good. Not that Stone has changed; but that, as the fighting front has shifted, he has failed to shift with it. He battled to make price-fixing legal, when price-fixing meant the minimum wage. He has stood pat, even when the victory has been used to put a floor under the prices of the necessities of life. He helped to free the administrative agency from the tyranny of the courts. Now that many an interest has captured the machinery created for its own regulation, he enthrones a new tyranny by putting the question in the old way. He led the fight to keep the patent from being used to justify monopoly; but of late he has become somewhat tolerant of practices which once shocked him. A little while ago, the government lodged an anti-trust suit against the fire insurance companies. The gentlemen of the industry contended that since, some seventy years ago, the Supreme Court said that the state government could regulate insurance, it followed that now the Federal government could not regulate it. Stone, fastening upon the legalisms of the insurance contract, swallowed the argument. And it fell to Black to dis-

cover that insurance was big business which in its operations disregarded state lines and to lead the Court back into the world of reality.

V

As Chief Justice, Stone has to drive his Court; yet he refuses to surrender his conscience. As a result, his idiom of leadership is not that of Taft or Hughes. The Saturday executive session, which Hughes used to terminate at four-thirty, usually runs to well past six. Often it is continued on Monday and occasionally Tuesday. Under Hughes, the Court used to finish the term at the end of May; under Stone, it sits until the middle of June. Stone has the longer docket and the more exciting cases; yet not once has he failed to clear up all unfinished business before the summer let-up. This is an administrative feat for any man. To get the work done and to allow full play to the faith of nine human judges is a miracle. His stand against personal compromise or coercion of his brethren has made the Supreme Court the most American of our institutions.

The Chief Justice remains Harlan Fiske Stone. The human being, the hell-raiser, the fisherman who loves to tell stories, the man of strong views and an even stronger tolerance, is not swallowed up in the jurist. The rolling stride, the shapeless raincoat, the unruly lock of hair are as they were in less distinguished days. His family seems to have been made to keep alert

the individualistic bent. His wife, the former Agnes Harvey, goes in for watercolors of bold design and alluring hues; she has had her exhibitions. A lawyer son Lausen is a chip off the old block; a second son Marshall, who professes mathematics at Harvard, is among the few who can do variations upon the theme of Einstein.

At court Stone sits, flanked to right and to left by four black-robed brethren. There he hears cases which concern Nevada divorces, or who invented wireless, barge and motor transport; corporate tangles across the military frontier; probes with telling thrusts the arguments of distinguished lawyers. Stone has — if four others go along — the last word on the law of the land. He has succeeded Holmes as Honorary Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, London; his portrait hangs in Valentine Hall, Amherst; at Columbia you will discover the Harlan Fiske Stone Moot Court.

A friend has said there are no surprises in the life of Harlan Stone. Long ago he shaped his life to the line, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." If you ask him whether he is a liberal or a conservative, he will tell you he doesn't understand the question. If you persist, he will inquire how anyone who appreciates

Stravinsky can be a conservative. If you recall him from music to constitutional law, he will insist, as he did to a classmate at the Lord Jeff Inn, "I believe in conserving the Constitution as a living instrument."

If it is premature to sum up his work, it is not too early to sense its quality. The key to his decisions is "what is just and square in a work-a-day world." He has not asked to see, perhaps he could not have seen, the distant scene; he has been content to carry on case by case. Had he lived by articles of faith, he would doubtless have served the status quo. If he had not been a realist — intent to discover every fact and value — he could easily have become a reactionary. Learned Hand, a grand judge of judges, has found in Stone "the moderation, modesty and wisdom" which saves him from "the vanity of the dogmatist." For "men can be tamed and societies fashioned" only as "the voice of the law is made up of many voices."

Stone's law is no solo performance. It catches up the wisdom and experience of many judges, living and dead. Because he allows his Court to speak with many voices, he stands out as the right Chief Justice for our troubled generation, bewildered yet intent upon finding a way.



*M*OST of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

— C. C. COLTON

THE EYE AS AN INDEX OF HEALTH

By LOUIS H. SCHWARTZ, M.D.

DOCTORS, taking a leaf from the poets, are learning to judge their patients by their eyes. Thanks to the growing science of ophthalmology — the study of eye structure, functions, and diseases — the eye has become a barometer to general health. Although the fact is not generally known, this organ may reveal more about disease and physical well-being than any other. Why is that so? Because a very large number of internal disorders leave their telltale marks in the eye, and the sensitive instruments of modern science enable the physician to see and study them in the living state. The diagnosis of nervous disorders depends in large measure upon information obtained from an examination of the eyes. At the same time, the organ of sight tells us the condition of the blood and the circulatory system. It furnishes an index to the state of the kidneys. It shows up the presence of infectious diseases, poisons and intoxicants. Derangements of the endocrine glands, functional diseases, disturbances of the generative system and the special sense organs likewise

leave evidence in the eye. Even vitamin deficiencies are readily detected there.

Still more significant, the signs of constitutional disease frequently appear in the eye before they show up elsewhere in the body, or they may be present only in the eye. Thus in multiple sclerosis, an insidious disease which destroys the nervous tissue of the brain and spinal cord, visual symptoms such as recurring attacks of blindness may precede the direct onslaught of the malady by several years. Likewise in high blood pressure, the first signs may occur in the eyes. Those who know the science of the eyes can often forecast these disturbances.

Several years ago a robust, well-developed man of forty-four who had not been to a doctor since his childhood consulted me because his sight was failing. Objects looked indistinct to him and were often distorted in shape. On the surface his health seemed excellent; his eyes were bright and clear. Upon examination I found the interior of both eyes hazy. Nu-

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merous flame colored hemorrhages and white exudates surrounded his optic disc. The blood vessels of the retina were distorted. It was clear that he was suffering from kidney disease and high blood pressure. I referred him to a physician who specialized in internal diseases, and told the specialist:

"If you can keep this man alive for more than a year, you'll be doing remarkably well. In all probability he will have a cerebral hemorrhage and it may come almost any day."

Within three months the patient was down with an apoplectic stroke, followed by another six weeks later. He died approximately eight months from the day he originally consulted me.

Some ocular manifestations of conditions affecting other parts of the body are matters of common knowledge, as for example, the bleary red eyes associated with an attack of measles, the watery eye of hay fever and coryza, the blotchy bloodstained eye in whooping cough, the "staring look" and the protruding eyes in goitre, and the puffy, baggy eyes in kidney and heart disease.

Many other danger signals of constitutional disorders which the eyes afford are less familiar, however. Such is the bloodshot eye occurring in scurvy and the cloudy, dull, red, greasy eye of vitamin deficiency. Triangular white spots in the corners of the eye, looking like dried foam, indicate deficiency of Vitamin A. In the absence of such spots, the ophthalmologist can still detect a lack of

vitamins when the patient complains of night blindness. Then he can verify this complaint by means of a dark adaptation test — a test for determining the individual's ability to recover from glare and adapt himself to changes in light.

Congenital syphilis also leaves its imprint on the eyes of its victims. Children afflicted by syphilis from birth rapidly develop inflammation of the eye; a cloud forms over the cornea; sight fails. On the other hand, acquired syphilis in many cases first comes to the attention of the eye specialist when the patient awakes some morning to find that one eyelid droops and cannot be raised. At the same time the eye is crossed and he sees double. As a rule, this condition is a late manifestation of syphilis. The same symptoms are frequently encountered in locomotor ataxia, another disease of the brain and spinal cord. Frequently the ocular disturbances appear before other characteristic symptoms such as an unsteady gait. And again it is the oculist who sees the case first.

The pupils of the eyes often have tales to tell about a patient's health. A man complaining of blurred vision and dull headache believes he needs glasses. The eye specialist notes that when the patient looks at near objects his pupils contract, but when a bright light is thrown into the eyes, the pupils fail to respond. This is known as the Argyll Robertson pupil — a very abnormal reaction. That man will not be relieved by glasses.

He needs treatment for syphilis; the disease has been latent in his system for twenty, thirty, or forty years. Yes, it's just as easy as that, for permanent Argyll Robertson pupils always point an accusing finger at syphilis of the nervous system. The same reaction also occurs in general paresis of the insane, another syphilitic infection.

Many other pupillary distortions supply clues to deep-seated illnesses. When, for example, the pupils are irregular in outline, instead of round, the doctor knows that his patient is stricken with a serious affliction. The condition may be due to pyorrhoea, auto-intoxication or to infection in the tonsils or the generative organs. It may also stem from gonorrhea, syphilis, tuberculosis, rheumatism or gout.

II

In the "good old days," not so very long ago, the appearance of the tongue and the rate of the pulse were the deciding factors in determining the state of health. The eyes were only of minor importance, because no one knew how to examine the interior of a living eyeball. The moment an observer attempted to do so, his head blocked out the light, and everything within the eye became pitch black. In 1851 Helmholtz solved this difficulty by reflecting light into the eye by means of a mirror, while at the same time he looked through a little peephole in the center of the mirror.

This invention, called the ophthalmoscope, revolutionized the diagnosis of disease by opening up new worlds for observation and study. But there were limitations, for the new instrument was difficult to handle; it required much practice and experience. Hence, for many years the ophthalmoscope was employed by only a comparatively small number of specially trained ophthalmologists. Then a little over a quarter of a century ago, the electric ophthalmoscope was invented. This eliminated all the difficulties of the old, non-luminous apparatus. It became possible for any doctor, after a minimum of special training, to peer within an eye almost as easily as he could sound a chest or measure blood pressure.

When the physician looks into the interior of the eye with his ophthalmoscope, the retina and the head of the optic nerve are spread out before him. Since the optic nerve and retina are extensions of the brain, the examiner is actually looking at living nerves. The ophthalmoscope also discloses the arteries and veins which nestle within the transparent layers of the eyeball. These vessels furnish remarkably accurate information concerning the circulation of blood, not alone in the eye but in most other parts of the body as well. And nowhere else are they thus unveiled for examination and study. This is significant because degeneration of the arteries and veins within the eye reflects corresponding deterioration of the circulation in other organs where

blood-vessels are invisible. Thus hemorrhages and inflammation seen at the back of the eye enable the physician not only to recognize cerebral and circulatory maladies, but also to predict ensuing disturbances. With this knowledge, the doctor can save his patient from prolonged invalidism, severe suffering, or an untimely death.

Does this sound like gross exaggeration, a fantastic dream or wishful thinking? Let's take a simple illustration of ophthalmology's practical application. Thousands of people throughout the world are afflicted with arteriosclerosis and high blood pressure. Until quite recently, doctors could do very little for advanced cases. Some died suddenly; the less fortunate dragged out a miserable existence, beset by one wracking complication after another. Today an operation on the spinal nerves adds years of comfort to the lives of many of these unfortunates. But before the surgeon can operate, and in order to know how far to go, he must have accurate data on the patient's circulation. The best evaluation is made through the ophthalmoscope. Only in the eyes can physicians obtain the most complete and detailed information. When we see the veins tortuous and beaded and the arteries narrowed down to fine threads, we know just how far the disease has progressed. If hemorrhages also appear, additional deductions follow.

If fluffy white exudates and other signs of inflammation are present in

the retina and optic nerve, we can tell that the degenerative process is eating away at other organs as well, and then the patient's condition is very serious indeed. These signs are the surgeon's guideposts.

A healthy optic nerve, seen through the ophthalmoscope, has a light pink color with a white depression in the center. Now let us suppose that the oculist finds that the optic disc is no longer pinkish, but entirely white, or perhaps bluish or grayish white. Then the doctor knows that he is dealing with a case of atrophy or degeneration of the optic nerve. Optic atrophy may be due to locomotor ataxia or it may be secondary to fracture at the base of the skull or hemorrhage within the optic nerve. Again, it may follow brain tumor, Bright's disease, diabetes, syphilis, sepsis, or leukemia. In some instances the physician is able to tell from the eye alone which of these maladies is responsible for the trouble, but in others a careful investigation of many other factors is necessary.

When the oculist finds the head of the optic nerve swollen and streaked with gray white lines and surrounded by tiny hemorrhages, he immediately thinks of meningitis. When he sees a few small, pale yellow spots in the vicinity of an inflamed optic disc, then the physician is certain beyond all doubt that he is dealing with a case of tubercular meningitis. If the swelling of the head of the optic nerve is so marked that it protrudes above the surface of the retina into the globe, the hapless sufferer is almost invariably

afflicted with a tumor of the brain.

A young housewife who came to me purely by chance would have died within the year had not the ophthalmoscope revealed the presence of a brain tumor. Headache and insomnia had driven her to four physicians in succession. Each examined her with blood and urine tests and X-rays. She received treatment for neuralgia, migraine, indigestion and hysteria — all to no avail. The last doctor suggested that she was suffering from a sinus condition, and it was this diagnosis which brought her to my office. Finding her sinuses perfectly normal, I studied her eyes. Although externally they looked healthy and although her vision was good, the ophthalmoscope revealed a swollen optic nerve head in both eyes. In view of the fact that the blood, urine and blood pressure were normal, I forthwith made a diagnosis of brain tumor. The patient was referred to a neurological surgeon who successfully removed a large growth from her brain.

III

Thus far the question of eyesight has scarcely been mentioned, yet a person's vision may also furnish excellent clues to his health. For instance, sudden blindness in one eye may indicate nephritis, cardiac disease, arteriosclerosis, diabetes, septic infection or even uremia occurring in pregnancy. A somewhat different history of loss of vision might suggest malaria or poisoning from arsenic, wood alcohol,

lead, or an overdose of quinine. Rapid blackout affecting one or both eyes in an apparently healthy individual is not unusual in hysteria. On the other hand when a heavy smoker suffers a dimout, there is a strong presumption of tobacco amblyopia, especially if the patient complains of a dark cloud in the line of vision. When a person past middle life says he actually sees better in a subdued light, and is dazzled by sunlight, he is probably developing cataracts.

Ordinarily, when speaking of visual acuity, we are referring to central vision, which is tested by reading letters or figures on a chart. In addition to this direct vision, however, there is an indirect or peripheral sight, also known as the field of vision. When you are looking steadily at a distant object, you see other objects less distinctly to the right, left, above and below. This space, representing your field of vision, includes whatever can be seen while the eye is fixed upon a single object. Peripheral vision permits us to see approaching objects before they enter the line of direct vision. It also enables us to move about without colliding with surrounding objects.

Optical charts of the field of vision clear up many a baffling mystery of disease. If the outer half of the field of each eye is blind, the pituitary gland is enlarged, usually because of a tumor. Defects in various sectors of vision occur in affections of the central nervous system. Contraction of the boundaries in all directions sug-

gests either degeneration of the retina and atrophy of the optic nerve, or a malady called retinitis pigmentosa. In hysteria and other functional neuroses, the fields are not only contracted, but become smaller and smaller the longer they are tested.

In addition to these irregularities in the field of vision, some diseases are characterized by islands of blindness. The patient may know of their presence or he may be wholly unaware of them. Every normal eye has a blind spot corresponding to the entrance of the optic nerve. This area, known as Mariotte's blind spot, has a definite size, shape and place in the field of vision. When it is abnormally large, it points to specific ocular diseases such as glaucoma (hardening of the eyeball), or purulent infection. An area of lost vision in the center of the field — an abnormal condition — typifies tobacco-alcohol poisoning, Leber's disease or multiple sclerosis. Victims of migraine usually complain of peculiar islands of blindness — dark spots which grow larger and larger to the accompaniment of flashing streaks of light and bright lines.

Sometimes diseases which defy the ophthalmoscope become apparent only through study of the fields of vision. A short time ago a very capable physician brought me his nephew for examination. A nineteen-year-old college student, the boy complained of recurring attacks of blurred vision. Neither the ophthalmoscope nor all-around physical examinations had

yielded the slightest evidence of the cause. We measured the area of his vision; it turned out to be well within the normal. Finally, tests for blind spots within the fields showed the young man blind to red and green at the center of his line of vision, although he could clearly recognize those colors off-center. With this evidence, we knew that we were dealing with a case of multiple sclerosis. It required no superhuman powers of wizardry to foresee a future of misery and tragedy for the unfortunate young man — tremors, paralysis, invalidism and death — all within the next few years. When the diagnosis was originally made, the boy felt and looked to be in the best of health. But as time went on the disease took its course, and the ultimate outcome was inevitable, for multiple sclerosis is one of the still unsolved mysteries of medicine.

IV

Many, many more affections beyond those already cited are accompanied by changes in the eyes and frequently may be so recognized. A partial list would include such familiar illnesses as scarlet fever, influenza, mumps, diphtheria, erysipelas, leprosy, chorea, neurasthenia, typhoid, relapsing fever, smallpox, plague, and chicken pox, to say nothing of many less common disorders. At the same time, though, it should be borne in mind that the eye alone is not always an infallible guide. Ocular signs of in-

ternal trouble are not present in every case, for no patient presents all the possible symptoms of any disease. Also, the physician does not ordinarily base his diagnosis on a single symptom, although he can do so in exceptional instances. On the contrary, he avails himself of every possible aid, whether it be in the eye or elsewhere. Finally, an appraisal of general health must begin with a careful routine physical examination. This should disclose what further investigations of particular organs are necessary.

Certainly no one should have his eyes examined purely to determine the state of his general health. On

the other hand, it is equally certain that no physical checkup is complete without a careful examination of the eyes. A study of the eyes will many times elicit data which cannot be found elsewhere. From an examination of the eyes, the ophthalmologist is often able to tell much more than the patient's state of health at the moment; he may bring to light maladies from which the individual has long since recovered, and he may even venture to predict with uncanny certainty disorders which will ensue in the months or years ahead. Thus the eye is not alone the "mirror of the soul" but a most remarkable reflector of sickness and health as well.



STRANGE BORDERS

BY M. LUDINGTON CAIN

THEY will walk slowly where they walked before,
Noting the well-worn steps, the elm trees' shade
Where once they loitered, and the church's door.

Let them remember slowly: do not thrust
The little thorns of old remembered joys
Into their hearts — too soon those joys were dust.

If some brief interval, their smile is lost,
Attend to silence; be a voiceless bird
Within a garden close . . . It may be they have crossed

Strange borders never crossed by spoken word,
Seeing what is not seen, hearing what is not heard.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

Country Easter

IN ALL but some southerly sections of the world, to survive the winter is a formidable exercise in endurance. To live throughout the winter in a country region, particularly, is to experience ferocities of snow, gale, and ice: the silent insistent assault of sub-zero cold that reaches for a man's marrow: the worse assault (as it may seem to many) that is made upon a man's spirit, by a long and enforced isolation. In the northern winter, it looks as though nature has an intention to overwhelm and belittle us, demonstrating anew how tiny and impotent a mite we are, as against the gigantic process of her operations. A puff of the north gale, and our proud little power lines snap like so many trivial spider webs. A fall of snow, for just two or three of the little time-measurements we call days, and what were yesterday our shiny behemoths of snow-plows, roaring so mightily with mechanical confidence, are stalled and broken down and useless, and we are isolated and defenseless in a world that is white and beautiful and also terrible. (We are put in mind, as of the fear of God, of what would happen to us if the snowfall were to last, silent and whitely implacable, not for three days, but by

a caprice against which we have no guarantee but only a better's faith, for three weeks. We would all, of course, be dead . . . quietly erased from a world restored to the immaculate whiteness of a virgin sheet of paper.) The northern winter is a time of hazard, both to our bodies and, perhaps more dismayingly, to that pride which conduces to our supposing, when times are easy, that we are masters. We are not masters; we are creatures; and in the winter we know it. The rural telephone is dead, for the line has broken under snow-weight; the plows cannot stir; no mail can reach us, or any telegram or newspaper or ambulance if we are dying or hearse if we die in the night. In a snow-locked world, with the deadly fingers of the frost grappling at our every windowpane and trying every cranny of our little shelter, there is nothing existent but our own little flickering spirit, tiny and enfeebled, alone with that Great Spirit whose creature we are, and whose creature the snow is, and at whose mercy we are, like a snail under a poised heel. With such ruminations and acknowledgments are we to engage ourselves, while we lie beneath our quilts and battle our influenza.

Why then does anyone live in the northern country in the winter? Why do we undergo, winter after winter, this laborious battle to remain alive, and this laborious battle against a kind of spiritual humbling that is extremely hard to take? And yet it is a fact that naturalists, who were in no way bound and who might have migrated at will, have chosen to stay. The midwinter in Massachusetts is formidably bleak, and Henry David Thoreau was consumptive; but he chose to stay. Wild snows and a lowering sky are the lot of New York's Ulster County in the winters; but John Burroughs persisted through them. There has to be a reason for it. Is there some kind of recompense, for earth-enthusiastic men, to give a value to enduring all this wintry fury and fear and hardship and ice-imprisonment? There is, of course. The value of experiencing the winter is the immeasurable enhancement, the added poignance beyond reckoning, that is given to the experience of spring.

II

All appreciation, as we well enough know, is in inverse proportion to the commonness or accessibility of what is to elicit it. It is a commonplace of our knowledge, embodied in a great many proverbs and adages about how we do not miss water until the well runs dry, and how we grow contemptuous of the familiar, and how distant pastures have a kind of green enchantment which we do not ob-

serve in nearer pastures that are so extremely visible as to have become, to our custom-dulled eye, invisible. If the moon rose only once every fifty years, and the happening could be seen, say, only from New York City, it is certain that on that night the city of New York would be jammed by men and women from all the earth, crowded together to stare upward and watch with hammering hearts and holy awe. As it is, the moon rises nightly, and the stupendous event has been dependably recurring since ever the first man, his ape-eye complemented by a conscious mind to expand perception to conception, first saw the incredible pale glimmer in the black primordial sky. In consequence we do not interrupt a bridge-game to look at the rising of the moon. The moon is all very well; it has a utility in the writing of poetry; to be sure, it is certainly a great wonder. But after all, it is always dependably there, to look at on any night we wish. We do not look.

As with the moon, so with all the rest of the stupendous pageant of being: the glory of sight and sound and scent, the swinging rounds of seasons and cycles and conservations and recurrences, the deaths and resurrections and withal the maintained serenity. It is not a facile paradox, but the soberest and somberest truth, that we are able to enjoy things only in so far as we are somewhat deprived of them, or threatened with that deprivation. A man can hardly know what splendors of scent are in the air

until he has had a cold which shuts the scents away from him for a while. We hardly know what it is to see, until a blindness has visited us. We have not really gone even a little way toward appreciating the wonder and the sweet restorativeness of a flower, until, in the chilly, earth-alien antiseptic bleakness of a hospital room, we have had just one spray of flowers to look upon. It is not a theologians' taradiddle, but the truth, that we can experience the good only proportionately as we have experienced the evil. Pleasure and pain are the twin halves of an indissoluble cell of wholeness. The full meaning and poignance of hope are reserved exclusively for those who have undergone despair. For a resurrection, it is necessary to have had death.

Everywhere in nature, in all climates and places, there is perpetually occurring the wonder — as wild a wonder as the ghostly rising of the moon — of seasons and cycles. Birth: life: death: renewal. Birth: life: death: renewal. The thing runs like a chant, like a pulse, everywhere. It has the throb of perpetuity. Life dies away into a darkness, and sleeps, and wakes. Of all the naturalities that are meaningful and sustaining, there is none so powerful as this, none to which our human spirits are so linked. We can take hold of this rhythm. Not only can we, but we are required to, or else we are somehow cut off from the great central beat of things, we are starved for the universe's arterial blood. We need the sense of rounds and rhythms.

In milder climates than our northern one, a man may quite easily lose that sense. Seasons occur so gradually, they differ so little, the beat of them is so faint that the accustomed ear forgets to hear it. If in winter it is only a little rainy, a little chilly, a man is hardly prepared for experiencing the spring. He has hardly had the precious discipline of deprivation. If he can drop a seed in the earth, in any quarter of the year, and in a few days or weeks see dependably produced a growing vegetation, he is likely to lose the gift for experiencing a certain leaping sense of miracle. He is likely to develop a feeling, after a subconscious fashion, that seeds are under a kind of *obligation* to him always to produce plants . . . that he has a kind of "right" to expect this sequence. He is without the reminder of his dependence on the slow rhythm of the central heart. He has never known it terribly pausing between beats.

A northern man knows those pauses. They are the winters. And in consequence a northern countryman responds to the next great pulse-thud — the beat that means the spring — with a kind of tumult of enjoyment that cannot be known elsewhere. It is an exaggeration, but not an essential one, to say that a northern countryman lives through the winter for what it brings to him in his experience of the spring peepers. These are the tiny tree-frog, the *Hyla crucifer*, a little being hardly an inch long. Mostly the spring peepers are invisible. They hide themselves underneath

leaves, among the damp grasses at the marsh-edge, in the swamp-shallows among tussocks. In the autumn, when nearly all the life of the northern earth is dwindling to its sleep, the peepers insert their tiny translucent bodies under the protective cover of the frozen fallen leaves and grow utterly quiescent in hibernation. They are as stilled as the pulse of the earth is stilled, and the gale-borne snow drifts them deep where they sleep, and a countryman forgets all about them. They are gone with the summer's birds, and the lively musics of the insects, and the blessed heat of the sun. They have surrendered, symbolically of all the goodness and liveli-

ness of the year's noon, to the terrible twilight and then the long night of the winter.

And then, on a March day when the brooks still tinkle with ice, and no robin or bluebird has yet come, no pussywillow burst its dark buds, a countryman goes wearily outdoors, weary with the winter in his heart, and suddenly . . . there is a ringing and fluting of a sweet, sharp music in his ears. The marsh is a tumult of it; it shouts from the meadows; it is chorused in an incredible hosanna from everywhere and all around. The peepers are out! Their tiny vocal sacs puffed prodigiously, they have come out into the March chill to cry Life!



Spring Peepers

Frank Utpatel

Life! Life! It does not matter that the other signs of spring may still be some while coming. The peepers have proclaimed it is here. The death of the winter is over. The night in the tomb is over. It is morning.

It has more than once happened that a farmer, not easily stirred from his mood of drudging dourness, has heard the first spring peepers and has stood stock-still and lifted his face to

the moist spring air and wept. And it has more than once happened that a man, and not any particularly religious man, has followed the sound of the frogs' singing and has seen what the little frog looks like and has been shaken to his depths. For the *Hyla* has a singular marking on its back. Traced there, as plainly as though marked by a graver, is inscribed the sign of the cross.



Pan and His Terrors —

X Earth wages open war against her children, and under her softest touch hides treacherous claws. The cool waters invite us in to drown; the domestic hearth burns up in the hour of sleep, and makes an end of all. Everything is good or bad, helpful or deadly; not in itself, but by its circumstances. For a few bright days in England the hurricane must break forth and the North Sea pay a toll of populous ships. And when the universal music has led lovers into the paths of dalliance, confident of Nature's sympathy, suddenly the air shifts into a minor, and death makes a clutch from his ambushade below the bed of marriage. For death is given in a kiss; the dearest kindnesses are fatal; and into this life, where one thing preys upon another, the child too often makes its entrance from the mother's corpse. It is no wonder, with so traitorous a scheme of things, if the wise people who created for us the idea of Pan thought that of all fears the fear of him was the most terrible, since it embraces all. And still we preserve the phrase: a panic terror. To reckon dangers too curiously, to hearken too intently for the threat that runs through all the winning music of the world, to hold back the hand from the rose because of the thorn, and from life because of death; this is to be afraid of Pan. Highly respectable citizens who flee life's pleasures and responsibilities and keep, with upright hat, upon the midway of custom, avoiding the right hand and the left, the ecstasies and the agonies, how surprised they would be if they could hear their attitude mythologically expressed, and knew themselves as tooth-chattering ones, who flee from Nature because they fear the hand of Nature's God!

— ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Virgibus Puerisque*

HOW MUSIC HELPS INDUSTRY

BY ROSS L. HOLMAN

IF YOU want more work from workers, more milk from cows, or more eggs from hens, say it with music and watch the results. Over 5,000 plants in this country have discovered that music and manpower make a potent partnership. Industrial managements have learned that selections played for employes during the work day can lift more spirits, relieve more fatigue, eliminate more accidents and stop more cussing than most any influence they have tried. Assembly lines take on more life and industrial products roll faster when the orchestra begins to play. Even milk and eggs leave the farm in larger volume when the cowbarn and chicken yard ring with music.

One of the first companies to pioneer this new industrial wrinkle was Westinghouse. The corporation stumbled on the idea when one of its officials visited a tobacco plant in Cuba. On a platform in the factory the cigar makers took turns doing a song and dance act. This kept the minds of the workers alert and their fingers moving in rhythm with the speaker or singer. That was in 1925.

In its lamp division Westinghouse now has a total of thirty-three loud speakers that keep the workers continually supplied with popular music. It is played from records on a turntable in the control room.

Although the first Westinghouse test was made twenty years ago, the idea was not widely accepted elsewhere until factories converted for war. When the guns began firing, the number of plants with music could be counted on the fingers. Then the blitzkrieg put a premium on every idea that promised to speed up production.

England found the results of workaday melodies so gratifying that she made music mandatory in all her war plants. It helped her through the dark days of 1940 when her empire seemed to be crashing about her. War workers who dodged bombs at night and made munitions by day found factory music a balm to their ragged nerves. In a silent plant, the output of people who had spent a night in an air raid shelter would naturally slump. But when music sounded through the workrooms, the production curve

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moved upward. So the band played on.

Among other benefits, music shatters the monotony of repetitive work as no other influence can. For example, an assembly line worker who makes the same rod over and over or fits the same kind of bolt to the same kind of connection all day long will sooner or later become monumentally bored. He expends tremendous quantities of nervous energy fighting monotony. A band acts like a mental tonic, relieving fatigue. The technique has invaded every kind of workshop from a bomber plant to a hash house; it has speeded production of everything from a loaf of bread to a battleship.

Under a controlled test at the Twin Cities Ordnance of Minneapolis, Manager R. W. Roddy says that he got a return of \$84 on every dollar he spent on musical entertainment in working hours — a good investment in anybody's language. The tests were run over a seven months' period. Music would be played for a month and then shut down for a week. During the week when the bands were silent, production sagged 18.5 per cent. Over the seven months' period, the plant showed an 8,294 man-day saving. Another experiment in a different industry showed a 34 per cent decrease in the absence rate after music was installed. When the program was discontinued for three brief periods, the management was swamped with over a thousand requests for its renewal.

The Sperry Gyroscope Company in Brooklyn and Long Island had results almost as good. Eighty per cent of the

employés at these plants had never worked in a factory before they came to Sperry. More than 50 per cent of them were women from homes and offices. So different was their new work from the clerical and house-cleaning experience to which most of these women were accustomed that an alarming percentage of them quit. But when the music came on, the number of resignations dropped off markedly as the women adjusted themselves to their new work in much greater numbers. Sperry also found that both accidents and absenteeism declined.

As evidence of the efficacy of melody accumulated, the Stevens Institute of Technology set about gathering exact statistics. A survey of sixteen representative plants revealed that the installation of musical programs brought up the average output per employé 6.25 per cent, while absenteeism dropped from an average of 22.75 per cent to only 2.85 per cent.

A few years ago many industrial managers hooted at the idea of a musical selection stirring workers to increased productivity. Now that it has had a fair trial during the war, many experts predict that 75 per cent of the nation's 120,000 factories will be melodized when enough musical facilities become available.

II

We have long known how strongly music affects human emotions; we are now learning how powerfully it can influence psychological and physical

reactions as well. Not long ago 1500 students of a Brooklyn high school were unwitting guinea pigs in a musical experiment designed to check their reactions. The youngsters were totally unaware that any test was being made as they listened to an entertainment program in the school auditorium. A series of exciting songs, speeches and lively numbers generated sufficient body heat among the audience to raise the temperature of the auditorium about fifteen degrees Fahrenheit.

In another test, sound researchers leased a large hall in New York to compare people's reaction to jazz and classical music. The hall was wired to record heartbeats, pressure of grip on chair, etc., of a cross section of the audience. Two jazz pieces were played twenty-five times. At first, jazz music increased the pulse rate two and one-half beats a minute while grip strengthened two per cent. Feet began tapping rapidly. Toward the end, however, chair-grip wilted and floor tapping ceased. On the other hand, the classical music initially aroused only a mild reaction, but the intensity of floor tapping, pulse rate and arm gripping continuously increased as the symphony progressed.

In another test made with a pneumograph machine, Doctors Benet, Courtier and Weld found that an acceleration or decrease of respiration could be induced by musical stimulation. Two other doctors by the names of Dogeil and Dixon discovered in an extensive series of tests on patients

that music has marked but variable effects on blood pressure.

Numerous other tests made at different times show that under the right condition music improves the average person's sense of smell; speeds respiration and pulse rate; increases muscular energy; reduces or increases fatigue; instills fear or builds confidence; arouses laughter, sadness or even tears.

One wholesome effect it has on industrial workers is to reduce the strain of factory noises. The raucous, irritating din of many factories frays the nerves and contributes heavily to fatigue. Factory noise, consisting of irregular pulsations, has no form or regularity. Music, on the other hand, consists of regular pulsations. It pursues a smooth melodic line and rhythmic sequence. Even in the midst of industrial clatter, the human ear tends to follow a pleasing melody and forget the disagreeable noises.

The cheerful atmosphere created by music also serves to eliminate strife and bickering among employes. In many plants quarreling among workers came to an abrupt end when music was installed.

In addition to its wholesome effect on factory morale, music has also proved an inspiration to office workers. Out in San Francisco music was broadcast on every floor of an office building. Both employers and employes said it gave them a lift and enabled them to work more smoothly and efficiently.

Animal emotions, no less than hu-

man ones, react to the strains of tuneful selections. Played in dairy barns, music accelerates the flow of milk, and many dairymen believe it does much to keep contented cows contented.

One of the country's most progressive poultry producers is Milton H. Arndt. He is the father of the battery egg-laying system, in which every hen has an individual wire coop or battery. His air-conditioned building in Trenton, New Jersey, is equipped with thousands of these individual coops stacked on top of each other. When each battery hen lays her egg, it rolls down the slanting floor of the coop to a trough outside. An attendant retrieves it and credits it to the proper hen. One of the ways in which Arndt encourages egg production is by playing soft music in his hen factory throughout the day. This, according to his estimate, inspires his birds to lay 5 per cent more eggs than they would otherwise.

III

A wide variety of musical techniques are being utilized to beguile the working hours of employes. The Larkin factory at Buffalo has a Moller pipe organ, while other plants provide bands or choruses. The method most generally used, however, is some sort of sound installation, commonly known as a Public Address system. The cost of installing one ranges all the way from \$250 to \$50,000. The manufacture and installation of these musi-

cal broadcast systems is becoming an industry itself. The three principal companies that manufacture the P. A. systems for factory entertainment are the Muzak Corporation, RCA and General Electric. Muzak leases the equipment to plants and furnishes its own engineers to install and service it. Muzak also arranges the selections, varying them according to the client. One type of program is provided to light industry, another to heavy, and a third to office workers. RCA sells its equipment outright and provides the musical selections in the form of records, of which it has an immense library. Its service also includes a trained musical consultant who advises corporations on programming, how to vary the selections, when to put on certain numbers to produce the best results, and so on.

Many plants get up their own "home talent shows." They have broadcasting studios from which the programs go out to every section of the plant. The same studios are used for broadcasting plant announcements, important news events, paging officials or employes, and other matters.

To achieve the proper psychological effect, most music-wise establishments rely on music consultants, some of whom are employed directly by the firm while others are provided by the company that installs the P. A. system. Selecting the right numbers to fit each particular environment is an art in itself. The consultant must not only avoid unsuitable themes; he must also beware of surfeiting his

audience with an unvaried fare of appropriate selections. Most consultants now agree that martial music is best early in the morning or at the beginning of a shift. At the end of a shift or late at night, when workers are tiring, fast music such as polkas generally gets the best results. In the time between, waltzes and semi-classical selections create the most productive atmosphere.

It has also been found advisable not to play music continuously throughout the entire working shift. From two to two and a half hours of total playing time out of an eight hour period is considered best. The programs vary in length from ten minutes to half an hour. The shorter ones are played once an hour, the longer ones twice a shift.

In many large plants factory noises are much greater in some departments than in others. In this case the loud-speaker system is adjusted to meet the sound level of each; the music is toned down in a quiet department and amplified in a noisy one.

Radio music is scarcely ever desirable, chiefly because it is not programmed specifically for a working audience. It can't be timed to fit the variations in plant hours. Too much time is given to station breaks and advertising. Also it cannot be de-

pended upon to serve the psychological needs of industry.

Not long ago a survey was made of 100 American plants which use music. It was found that twenty-four had their own bands, orchestras, choruses and glee clubs, drawn from their own employés. Many others used phonograph records. Solo singers, on the other hand, were not popular because the words were intrusive and hard to understand amid the noise of machines. By straining to catch the sense of the songs, workers tended to slow up on their jobs.

Although the use of factory music has boomed to a phenomenal degree since Pearl Harbor, the development is still in its infancy. As yet, less than 5 per cent of America's factories have fallen in line. However, music's industrial value is attested by the fact that 25 per cent of the country's largest plants have installed musical programs and like them. The trend will mean new employment and new careers. It is stimulating the manufacture of musical facilities and adding many specialists — musical directors, orchestras, bands, organists and other kinds of performers — to industrial payrolls. Wherever you work, in factory, farm, or office, music can do wonders for your nervous system, pocketbook and production record.



THE wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

— JOSEPH ADDISON: *The Spectator*

THE LIBRARY

Lincoln and the Republicans

BY LOUIS M. HACKER

PROFESSOR J. G. Randall, who teaches American history at the University of Illinois, has devoted his mature life to the study of the Civil War and Reconstruction. *Lincoln the President*¹ is one of the many works he has written on the subject and it is by far the most detailed and the most scholarly. There are preliminary chapters that have to do with Lincoln's youth and early manhood; there is a long appendix on the curious and romanticized Ann Rutledge episode. On the other hand, these two large volumes take the story only to the Gettysburg Address; presumably there will be others to round out the history. At the same time, there are some interesting omissions. Very little is said about Lincoln's rôle as his party's leader during the war and particularly about his relations with Congress. Nothing is said at all — and this is a strange oversight and can be ascribed only to the author's distaste for economic analysis — about the extraordinary achievements of the Republi-

cans Party in Congress during the Civil War years themselves.

The Republican Party, unlike its predecessor, the Whigs, spoke out clearly for the economic interests of the rising industrial capitalist class of the North. The Whigs had tried to ride many horses at once; they had sought to represent not only the slave owners but also both the old commercial and the new manufacturing businessmen, and they had failed. The Republicans, by the 1850's, had a clearer vision. They saw that progress in America was attainable only in a climate of freedom, regulated and assisted but not hampered by the government. Thus the Republican Party called for the protection of industry, the building of railways to the Pacific, river and harbor improvement, national banks under the supervision of the national government, a homestead law and encouragement of immigration. This program the Party carried out during the Civil War years; when the conflict was over industrial capitalism was securely based.

¹2 vol. \$7.50. Dodd, Mead.

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Our destiny was assured: now we were in a position to realize that well being in whose atmosphere alone liberty can thrive.

There was another major idea in the Republican Party, and that was equalitarianism. Republicans could speak for industrial capitalism; but they could also raise their voices for human rights, and the greatest of these was equality of opportunity in a régime of liberty and justice. Cynics pretend to see a contradiction here. There is none. Thaddeus Stevens was an ironmaster and an abolitionist. George W. Julian was a proponent of homesteadism and an abolitionist. Horace Greeley was a defender of protectionism and an abolitionist. The advocates of liberty must, in the final analysis, be equalitarians. Free institutions cannot survive unless all men are permitted to realize their fullest potentialities.

Our philosophers and theologians — Emerson, Channing, Parker — who believed fully in a moral world and in the divinity of man, knew this and proclaimed the doctrine boldly. Starting as far back as the Seekers in early colonial America and running through the Transcendentalists, Jacksonians and Populists, this tendency in America, this belief in the common man's claim to equality of opportunity, runs through our tradition in a series of splendid affirmations. To this extent, the Republican Party was both idealistic and pragmatic. And here is the clue to an understanding of the Civil War. Properly, Charles A. Beard

has called it "The Second American Revolution." Unfortunately, only one of the aims of this revolution was accomplished. At this point, the parallel to the Jacobin phase of the French Revolution is particularly apt. The Civil War succeeded in freeing from its hampering ties the economic mind of man, just as had the French Revolution. But the Civil War did not establish equality of opportunity, and the abolitionists' failure was the failure of Robespierre.

II

Professor Randall does not appreciate this phase of the Civil War. In fact, he disregards it or, worse still, seeks to ridicule it by innuendo. In his hands and through his eyes abolitionism — the demand for equality of opportunity and equal justice under the law — becomes the manifesto of schemers, brawlers and politicians. There is no intention here to deny Professor Randall's claims to the mantle of the scholar. On many counts he is very good indeed: he is indefatigable in tracking down real evidence; he is resourceful and imaginative when it comes to piecing together a thousand and one little bits to create a mosaic. He rescues the reputation of Mary Todd from her traducers; tells us all we want to know about Ann Rutledge; puts Herndon and Seward in their proper places; and makes out as good a case for McClellan as can be done, if one is willing to accept his political derelictions.

More important still, Professor Randall draws Lincoln as the great man he was. If we disregard the author's prejudices and understand his shortcomings we still emerge with a picture of a leader who was moving toward a realization of the only policy that was calculated to win the war and save the peace. The war was won, the peace lost. Had Lincoln survived Booth's bullet, the peace might have been won, too.

I have referred to Professor Randall's prejudices. They are not his alone. They represent a tendency on the part of scholars, growing more common in America and notably to be found in our great Midwestern universities, to regard the Civil War as a repressible rather than an irrepressible conflict and the slavery question as a social rather than a moral one.

The theory advanced by Professor Randall and his colleagues runs as follows. Slavery was a dying institution: it was economically inefficient and its areas of expansion were limited by climate and rainfall. In time, it was bound to pass away as feudalism before it had. But malcontents, intemperate and irrational persons — in the South as well as in the North; in the South, secessionists, in the North, abolitionists — were troubling the waters of our national existence. These were the irreconcilables; and the intransigency of the abolitionists only made the secessionists more obdurate. The triumph of the Republican Party in 1860 spelled the doom of the South's "peculiar institution" to Southern

hotheads and they chose the road to war.

This is obviously a theory and, up to now, has not been substantiated. On the other side one can marshal evidence to prove that slavery was not dying, either politically or economically. Politically, it could expand southward into Mexico, Central America and the Caribbean — by conquest. Economically, it could expand into industrial production — as it was already doing — or it could be preserved in the plantation system by the reopening of the African slave trade.

In any case, this point of view disregards the moral question involved. Slavery was a great wrong: it was a vicious and reprehensible system that demoralized the South itself and debased the American people. Because it was iniquitous and immoral there could be no compromise with it. Slavery had to be destroyed and America's pledge to the common man — the realization of equality — had to be reaffirmed.

The abolitionists understood this; the Radical Republicans — who spoke for abolitionism during 1861-65 and later — understood this; Lincoln was beginning to comprehend it, too. More and more, as the war dragged on, he was surrendering his own theory of the war, which was one of limited objectives militarily and politically — the South was not to be destroyed; the Union was to be preserved — and accepting that of the Radicals. The war, in order to be won

and the peace preserved, had to be waged ideologically.

But Professor Randall does not recognize this. How do we know? It is because he never has a kind word to say for the abolitionists or the Radicals. His treatment of Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, Horace Greeley, Salmon Chase, Edwin Stanton, and scores of lesser lights is in terms of condescension, scorn and obloquy. Abolitionism, to him, is never a struggle for human rights. The movement and its leaders must always be characterized by unfriendly adjectives.

The Radical Republicans are lumped together in the following terms:

A more unlovely knot of politicians would be hard to find. Self-important, humorless, itching for power, and scornful of ethical scruple, they sold their wares at their own valuation and paraded behind a front of crusading zeal. Unmerciful in their pressure upon Lincoln, they used the stratagems of patronage, party trickery, and propaganda to impose their pattern upon all phases of war effort.

This is the theory of the Civil War which has been written into our histories and increasingly into our school textbooks by Professor Randall and others who share his views.

III

What was the policy of the Radical Republicans, actually? It had economic and idealistic facets, as has been said. The Radicals sought the conversion of our economy from a

mercantile to an industrial one, in a climate of liberty. Too, they wanted to preserve the fruits of their victory; and this could be done only by winning the war the right way. The Radical conception of the war, therefore, ran as follows. The South was antagonistic to free institutions and a free way of life; and because the South's politics, ethics and psychology were dominated by the slave owners, this class had to be destroyed.

The Civil War, by this reading, was a conflict against a set of institutions and a frame of mind. To defeat the South, total war was necessary because this, in the long run, was more humane. Only military leaders who were aware of this could be trusted — hence the suspicion of McClellan and others like him. The economic and political power of the great plantation owners had to be rooted up — hence the demand for the confiscation and the breakup of their estates. Specifically, the program of the Radicals called for the use of these three devices: (1) free the Negroes at once; (2) arm them and put them into Union uniforms; (3) divide the confiscated estates of the great slave lords among landless blacks and whites so that a large number of freehold property owners would be established in a new South to defend and preserve the institutions of freedom.

This was not Lincoln's understanding of the purposes of the war. Originally, he believed he had been elected only to preserve the Union; and while he regarded himself as an anti-slavery

man, as late as 1862, in his famous reply to Greeley, he could say:

My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. . . .

This is why Lincoln persisted for a long time in pursuing his policy of limited objectives. He coddled the border states (they gave him 50,000 rifles, he said); he did not carry the war into the deep South; he reprimanded Generals Frémont and Hunter for freeing Negroes. In fact, Professor Randall says of Lincoln, when commenting on his intention to deport Negroes: "This was not the only instance in which Lincoln was nearer to the Southern than to the average abolitionist viewpoint in regard to the Negro race."

Lincoln, in his efforts to come to grips with the slavery question, as he groped his way toward a proper policy, was amazingly unrealistic. His program included the following: (1) gradual emancipation, to be extended over a period of thirty-seven years, that is, up to 1900; (2) emancipation by the states and compensation by them; (3) reimbursement of the states by the federal government; (4) the colonization of freedmen, at federal expense, outside of the United States. This idea of colonization had a strange fascination for Lincoln. He helped in the organization of one such project — which ended disastrously. As late as August 1862, addressing a delega-

tion of Negro leaders, he frankly unburdened himself as follows. Professor Randall is reporting the discourse:

Whites and blacks, he told them, are of different races. Your race, he said, suffer greatly, and we of the white race suffer from your presence. It affords a reason why we should be separated. Even "when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from being . . . on an equality with the white race. . . . But for your race among us there could not be war. . . . It is better for us both . . . to be separated."

And yet Lincoln — because he was a great leader — knew that he had to keep moving toward the position of the Radicals. The war was not being won; defeatism already was raising its head at home; there was danger of European intervention; he was alienating the great mass of Europe's workers — which could support him — because of his failure to uphold the cause of human rights. The Emancipation Proclamation was the first step in the direction of the Radicals. It freed no Negroes, of course, but it adumbrated a policy: the persistence of the rebellion would lead, as a reprisal, to the emancipation of the Negroes in the southern states. As far as the induction of Negroes into the armies of the North was concerned, Lincoln was cautious. The Proclamation carefully declared that "such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service." The Negroes were not to be

active combatants; yet, by late 1863, Lincoln had again yielded and given his consent to the raising of both slave-Negro and free-Negro regiments. Altogether, before the war was over, 186,000 Negroes had seen service in Union armies.

Even on the most extreme demand of all, that of confiscation, Lincoln was not obdurate. The Radicals had pushed through Congress two confiscation acts but neither had been of any significance because neither had concerned itself with real property. Southern homesteadism, as the Radicals called it, was the only honest solution to the Negro problem in the South. Bills had been introduced in both chambers and one, in fact, had passed the lower House; the National Union League had approved; in 1864, the subcommittee on resolutions of the National Republican Convention had brought the project before the party's General Committee. There was no achievement yet — but by July 1864, even on this point, Lincoln had come around to the position of the Radicals.

One of these — an honest and incorruptible humanitarian, George W. Julian of Indiana — in his *Political Recollections* reports this conversation with Lincoln:

Having understood that Mr. Lincoln had changed his opinion respecting the power of Congress to confiscate the landed estates of rebels, I called to see him on the subject . . . and asked him if I might say to the people that what I had learned on this subject was true. . . . He replied that when he prepared his veto of our law on

the subject two years before, he had not examined the matter thoroughly, but that on further reflection, . . . he had changed his opinion, and thought he would now sign a bill striking at the fee [confiscation of the property itself, instead of simply the life interest], if we would send it to him.

Nothing came of it, and Julian goes on to say:

[This failure to confiscate] paralyzed one of the most potent means of putting down the Rebellion, prolonging the conflict and aggravating its cost, and at the same time left the owners of large estates in full possession of their lands at the end of the struggle, who naturally excluded from the ownership of the soil the freedmen and poor whites who had been friendly to the Union. . . .

It is unfair, therefore, to continue characterizing Lincoln as a conservative leader, as Professor Randall does. He had started out by being so, to be sure; but step by step he was accepting the theory of the Radicals. He never completed the reconciliation between his views and theirs; and, because of this, Reconstruction failed. Slavery was extirpated but the psychology of the slave owner still remains our heritage and burden.

Civil wars, because they are so vindictively fought, sometimes leave unfinished business behind them. The English Revolution did not, nor did our own American Revolution: and united peoples emerged from both these struggles. But the French Revolution and the American Civil War never settled the basic problem raised — that of equality — and to this extent France and the United States continue troubled nations.

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 261)

century writings on world affairs arranged, with liberal editorial interpolations, to tell a consecutive story. Approximately 100 authors are represented, some of them several times. Although the editors occasionally seek a diversity of opinion, their first desire is to present a body of facts. Consequently excerpts from textbooks and Foreign Policy Association reports bulk large among their selections. Their emphasis is almost exclusively political and geopolitical most of all. Unfortunately the book is obscurely organized and skimpily indexed.

TROUBLE ZONE, by Leon Dennen. \$1.50. *Ziff-Davis*. Dennen's subject is the basic rivalry between British imperialism, seeking to preserve inviolate its life-line through the Eastern Mediterranean, and Russian totalitarianism, embarked upon a dynamic program of expansion including among its objectives control of the Balkans and a warm-sea outlet. He predicts trouble for Turkey, as a "pro-British bastion" against which Moscow (and agent Tito) are now moving; he gives the case for Mikhailovitch, "sold out" by Great Britain; he defines the Greek civil war as having been essentially a British-Russian skirmish; he shows the steps in Russia's infiltration into Bulgaria and Rumania; and he discusses the politics of the Palestine situation. The solution offered (without much hope) is a federation of Balkan states free of Moscow's supervision. Dennen, one of the first foreign correspondents to report on the dangerous potentialities of the Balkan situation, subtitled his book, "Brewing Point of World War III?" With much interesting first-hand material and some sound thinking, he seems to justify his question.

RIVAL PARTNERS: America and Britain in the Postwar World, by Keith Hutchison. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Here an Anglo-American liberal surveys the impact of the war on the economies

of the two countries and explores some of the areas of conflict between them. America must sustain a high level of employment and stimulate imports; Britain must modernize her industrial plant and increase exports. At every point international cooperation rests on internal economic health. So runs the convincing argument of a readable and judicious little book.

BIOGRAPHY

DUKE ELLINGTON, by Barry Ulanov. \$3.00. *Creative Age*. Duke Ellington, one of the outstanding creative artists in the field of jazz, has brilliantly orchestrated the rhythms of Negro life, and given much insight into the Negro heart. As a musician and as a man he is certainly worth a book, but this one is a disappointment. It tells a good deal about his life, the members of his band, and his musical accomplishments and ambitions, and has a complete listing of his records with some commentary on many of them. But it is more a jerky recording of facts, with a few opinions, than an integrated, balanced evaluation of an artist and his artistry. For those who already know and admire Ellington's music, however, there is much interesting factual material.

THE BOY I LEFT BEHIND ME, by Stephen Leacock. \$2.00. *Doubleday*. Four fragmentary episodes in the boyhood of the great humorist and teacher. Born in England of a poor family which emigrated to Canada, Leacock tells of his family life and struggle for an education with quiet charm and understanding. It is the reader's loss that he did not live to finish his autobiography.

PAPA WENT TO CONGRESS, by Kenneth Horan. \$2.00. *Doubleday*. Papa went to Congress and Mama took Washington by storm back in the first Cleveland administration. In these

burlesqued family annals, the author was there too, even though she wasn't born (according to her admission in the preface) until several years later. Together with other existent and non-existent members of the family, she lived through a series of animated gags in which fact and fiction keep close company and really aren't worth distinguishing.

FICTION

MR. PETUNIA, by Oliver St. John Gogarty. \$2.50. *Creative Age*. Part adventure story, part novel of manners, this curious tale concerns the pleasantly villainous machinations of a paranoid among the gentry and lowlifes of Tidewater Virginia in the early nineteenth century. When rebuffed by a high spirited young lady in his career of victimization, this unlovely character enters upon a program of revenge which becomes pretty hectic toward the end. Both the deft wit and the lechery which characterized Gogarty's earlier books are here, but the rambling plot will probably annoy most readers and the author's choice of an American locale for these Irish caperings will puzzle them just as much.

THE SMALL GENERAL, by Robert Standish. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Business scandal, love and intense patriotism entangle the life of the son of a provincial Chinese merchant, Sung, owner of a mulberry orchard whose fabulous yield has gained renown even as far as Japan. Not a profound but an entertaining story, with glimpses into the Chinese character.

THE ZEBRA DERBY, by Max Shulman. \$2.00. *Doubleday*. In this hilarious, farcical saga of the warrior returned, Max Shulman escorts Asa Hearthrug, his picaresque hero, on a zany quest for a niche in the postwar world. In alarming succession Asa exhausts the possibilities of selling Little Dandy cookie cutters, experiences the delights and dangers of life in a collective community, Bonanza, with Yetta Samovar, a woman of somewhat over-generous persuasions, and bites off more than he can chew of veterans' education, before going back home to Whistlestop, where waits his patient fiancée, Lodestone O'Toole. In a style somewhat like S. J. Perel-

man's, Max Shulman balances delicately on a sublimely ridiculous tightrope of satire. A refreshingly funny book, but, too, a cockeyed inventory of the haphazards of reconversion.

WRITTEN ON THE WIND, by Robert Wilder. \$2.75. *Putnam's*. This is a fast-paced novel of the degeneration of a tobacco tycoon's family. Murder, suicide, normal and abnormal sex, alcoholism and violent death turn it into a penny dreadful rather than a serious study of the effect of power and money on the individual.

MISCELLANEOUS

A WREATH FOR SAN GEMIGNANO, by Richard Aldington. \$2.00. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce*. An Italian Shangri-La, the little walled town of San Gemignano sits high and remote among the Tuscan hills, virtually unchanged throughout its seven centuries of subdued and by-passed life. Richard Aldington's slim volume couples an appreciation of this lovely monument of a vanished world with a dozen poems written by Folgore, one of the town's soldier-poets in the thirteenth century. The book was inspired by a newspaper report that San Gemignano had been destroyed in the war. While grieving the loss, Mr. Aldington nevertheless exults that the poet of San Gemignano has survived his city. Fortunately that is not true. Although the principal church was partly wrecked, the rest remains unscathed. San Gemignano is still there to impress its ancient charm on any wayward traveller who strays that far from the beaten track. Folgore's poems, translated by Mr. Aldington, seem rather manufactured, on the whole, but two or three have a charming lyricism.

A MACBETH PRODUCTION, by John Masefield. \$1.75. *Macmillan*. England's Poet Laureate presents a sensitive and discerning little handbook on how to produce *Macbeth*. He brings the talents of poet, playwright, and historian to bear on the most minute details of casting, sets, costumes, and music. He eschews lofty critical exegesis for practical scene-by-scene instructions aimed at evoking all of the dramatic power at the command of the modern stage while adhering faithfully to Shakespeare.

THE OPEN FORUM

THE MYTH OF EDUCATIONAL EQUALITY

SIR: From one standpoint, educational equality in the United States is not a myth, John K. Norton and his table of expenditures by classrooms throughout the United States, in the January issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, notwithstanding. True, there is not a high school in every township or county, but anyone who wants schooling can betake himself to localities where he can be educated. Immigrants from foreign countries and migrants from certain southern states fill Chicago evening schools yearly. Some of them later practice learned professions. On the other hand, thousands of young people educated in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles fail to benefit by their opportunities to learn, in spite of the large amounts spent for classroom units in those cities.

Dr. Norton's figures show that Nebraska spends an average of \$1300 per classroom unit each year. He states elsewhere in his article that "those in classrooms costing around \$1650 get only from fair to poor schooling." In one sense, these figures are not valid, for the number of pupils in classroom units in large cities sometimes reach forty-five or fifty, while in some parts of Nebraska, for example, they are below five. Twenty-five or thirty is considered fairly large.

In the 1940 census, education was investigated. Results are shown in a table published in *School and Society*, September 16, 1944. These figures show that Nebraska ranks twelfth in the percentage of persons twenty-five years of age or older who have completed four years or more of college, including those in college one to three years and graduates of four-year high schools. Maine ranks low on Dr. Norton's table but that state is fourteenth in the census results. Illinois is tenth, according to Dr. Norton, but according to the census, it ranks twenty-seventh, and New York is in thirtieth place.

California ranks high everywhere, but what state has voted as often on constitutional amendments for old age pensions? A number of the states, like California, which rank high on the census tables have received many well-educated residents from other states. They do not migrate

to Nebraska and Maine where living conditions are difficult.

Some educators in Nebraska have convinced natives of that region that its school system is very inferior. But Stephen S. Vissher's article, "Recently Starred Scientists," in the January 13, 1945 issue of *School and Society*, states: "Of the 194 graduates of American colleges, nearly a half graduated from twelve productive schools, of which the leaders were Chicago, twelve; California, ten; Yale, eight; *Nebraska*, Stanford and Wisconsin, each seven.

Dr. Norton asserts that teachers in states with lower expenditures are very inferior. Nebraska at times has had as many as 200 teacher training institutions. Under ordinary conditions the law of supply and demand gets in its work, and the state exports teachers as Switzerland exported good soldiers in the old days. Nebraska teachers are good.

Further, Dr. Norton pronounces cultural influences very inferior in states with lower expenditures. I would recommend for his perusal a publication of the University of Chicago by Louis R. Wilson entitled *Geography of Reading*. American Library Association tables in this book rank states educationally according to population. Nebraska is far above thirty-two in numerous instances.

Dr. Norton insists that there must be federal aid for education. Considering the numerous projects which are provided with such money, that sounds reasonable enough.

However, the Catholic Church, for example, declares that its schools are public schools and therefore should be provided with federal aid on the same basis as institutions supported by state and local taxes. Should provisions be made for Catholic schools, scores of denominations would insist upon money on the same basis.

In view of the fact that many public systems in the United States fail to provide us with orderly citizens, perhaps all schools should teach religion as a compulsory subject. If proponents of federal aid for public schools consider such a change desirable, the American people should

have information which would lead them to assent to such a proposition.

CAROLINE BENGTON

Hastings, Neb.

FACTS ABOUT ASPHYXIA

SIR: Paul W. Kearney's concise and lucid article, "Facts about Asphyxia," in your January issue deserves widespread recognition. THE AMERICAN MERCURY is to be complimented in presenting this material with such dignified restraint.

While the physician is pictured as inactive in the prevention of asphyxial death, I can assure your readers that his profound interest in accidents of this kind has always been acute—he never forgets these deaths. The crux of the situation lies in the almost complete lack of organization and intensive instruction, dealing with the treatment of such accidents by modern medical methods. That organized medicine is aware of this grave issue will be seen in the following resolution, passed by the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association during its Chicago meeting in December:

Whereas; Asphyxia from its many causes continues to claim at least 50,000 victims yearly,

Whereas; The recent survey of the Council on Physical Medicine of the American Medical Association (October 6, 1945) clearly indicates that this reduction must come through the education of the medical student, the hospital resident and the practicing physician in the theory and the practice of resuscitation and inhalation therapy. . .

Whereas; Asphyxial accidents are by no means limited to the field of surgery and obstetrics, but as submersion, carbon monoxide poisoning, conflagration, electric shock etc., are distinctly matters of public health and civilian concern . . .

Whereas; Medical schools do not now provide formal instruction in resuscitation and inhalation therapy except as side issues of anaesthesia . . .

Therefore Be It Resolved: That medical schools shall be requested to provide formal instruction in Pneumatology [the science dealing with air or gases, their physical and chemical properties and their therapeutic application for anaesthesia, resuscitation and oxygen therapy] and that all hospitals shall be asked to provide a pneumatological service, under the

direction of the hospital anaesthetist, in order that prompt and adequate treatment of asphyxial accidents may be provided outside, as well as within, the hospital.

The Society for the Prevention of Asphyxial Death has had a lonesome and difficult pioneering job. Now that World War II is over, it turns once again to the public and to the directors of our industries to help the organization in its fight against asphyxial death, which claims the lives of at least 30,000 new-born babies and as many adults each year in the United States.

PALUEL J. FLAGG, M.D.

President, S.P.A.D.

New York City.

VETERANS AND UNION RULES

SIR: In "Veterans and Union Rules," in the December AMERICAN MERCURY, the gloomy confusion as to superseniority is not much clarified by Jack Schuyler. No sure-cure, patent remedy has been discovered to alleviate periodic unemployment. Cumulative idleness appears to be a serious by-product of modern production methods; how to utilize time and talent would seem to constitute the problem. Part-time farming has been advocated as one form of insurance against the periods of idleness.

It seems to me that the moment is propitious to start a campaign to sell more people a business of their own. A wider spread of ownership of diversified businesses would be one of the corrective measures to restore balance and promote economic stability and sound living standards. Independent Yankee ingenuity and rugged individualism find their objectives in self-employment and ownership of a business. Superseniority presages more labor disputes. Now, while talent and finance are ample, should be the time to outline a constructive course in self-employment not only for veterans, but for those over forty who may find themselves unemployed as veterans return to take their old jobs back.

FRANK S. GERAN

Tucson, Ariz.

FACTS ABOUT PALESTINE

SIR: I want you to know that I think Gerold Frank's article, "Facts and Legend About Palestine," in your December issue is one of the very best I have seen on the subject. I consider it one of the clearest and most readable articles that has

appeared in current periodicals. More power to you for publishing such helpful and factual stories.

THEODORE H. GORDON

Madison, Wis.

THE LOG CABIN MYTH

SIR: Stewart H. Holbrook, author of "The Log Cabin Myth" which appeared in your November issue, might be interested to know that a volume of the same title, by the late Harold Robert Shurtleff, completed and edited by Samuel Eliot Morison, was published by the Harvard University Press in 1939. The thesis of the book, as well as the title, was identical with Mr. Holbrook's article; the illustrations used and works quoted were, allowing for the considerable difference in length, the same. I mention this, thinking that your author might be interested in the Shurtleff-Morison volume, with which, judging from his failure to refer to it or acknowledge assistance therefrom, he should, I suppose, be presumed to be unfamiliar.

KENNETH W. PORTER

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

SIR: I am well acquainted with the late Mr. Shurtleff's book, which elaborates a thesis laid down in an earlier work, Fiske Kimball's *Domestic Architecture in the American Colonies*, New York, 1922.

The piece in THE MERCURY is a fragment of a chapter from my forthcoming *Lost Men of American History*, which Macmillan will publish next year.

In so short an article in a popular magazine it is not customary to cite authorities. In my book, however, both Mr. Kimball and Mr. Shurtleff, and several other authorities, are given proper credit.

I trust this explanation will quiet Mr. Porter's fears that I am making free with Shurtleff's work without credit; or that of Mr. Kimball, of which he apparently had not heard.

STEWART H. HOLBROOK

Portland, Ore.

DISCRIMINATION IN COLLEGES

SIR: Dr. Frank Kingdon's article in the October MERCURY on "Discrimination in Medical Colleges" is a startling revelation of sinister forces undermining our Bill of Rights. Coming

as it does from a former Methodist minister and college president, it demands our immediate attention, when in our own democracy he finds educational groups practicing Hitlerian methods against minority racial and religious groups.

With this danger confronting our liberties, it becomes obligatory for Congress to conduct exhaustive investigations into every institution fostering bigotry. Laws must be passed which protect our freedom of education and professional service for all races and creeds. Every American must be given the right to take examinations for entrance into our colleges and professional schools. Those who prove their qualifications must be accepted as students. Quota practices must be made illegal. Whenever and wherever the applicants exceed the capacity of the educational institution, then the number of the student body should be stated and all new students should be accepted in the exact order of the examination marks credited to them. And all examination papers should be filed for public record and subject to court review.

We cannot preserve our democratic way of life without equal opportunity for all. Freedom of education and freedom in the choice of occupation are the very foundations of our free enterprise system. To deny this to anyone is anti-American, anti-democratic, and unconstitutional.

I am a Protestant. My family has lived in America since the founding of our nation. I, and every true American, protest vigorously against every insidious method of discrimination. We have just defeated Nazism and Fascism abroad. We must now stamp them out in our own land. Every religion, every race, must have the same opportunities here that I have. We are grateful to Dr. Kingdon and to THE MERCURY for this article.

ANN WOODWARD MILLER

New York City.

SIR: Dr. Frank Kingdon's article, "Discrimination in Medical Colleges," would be more convincing if it were basically true. Who really persecutes the Jew like the Jews themselves? After crucifying Christ for his teachings of democracy and brotherly love, they have continued to make life miserable for one another.

Throughout modern history they have failed to stick together or to exploit (from the ground up) any single area of the earth's surface so that they might have a "native land." As a result, they constitute a minority problem in most countries of the world because of their aggressive-

ness and crusading tendencies. Unfortunately, they are unable (or unwilling) to be assimilated by other races and nationalities. Being in the minority they get the impression that they are being persecuted.

Many have compensated for their discontent by great artistic and scientific achievement for which the world is grateful. They are excellent researchers and investigators but I doubt if by temperament they are really to be trusted with the responsibility of healing the sick minds and bodies in our society. They have had more than their share in the success of America, in the press, radio, and amusement industries, not to mention merchandising and manufacturing.

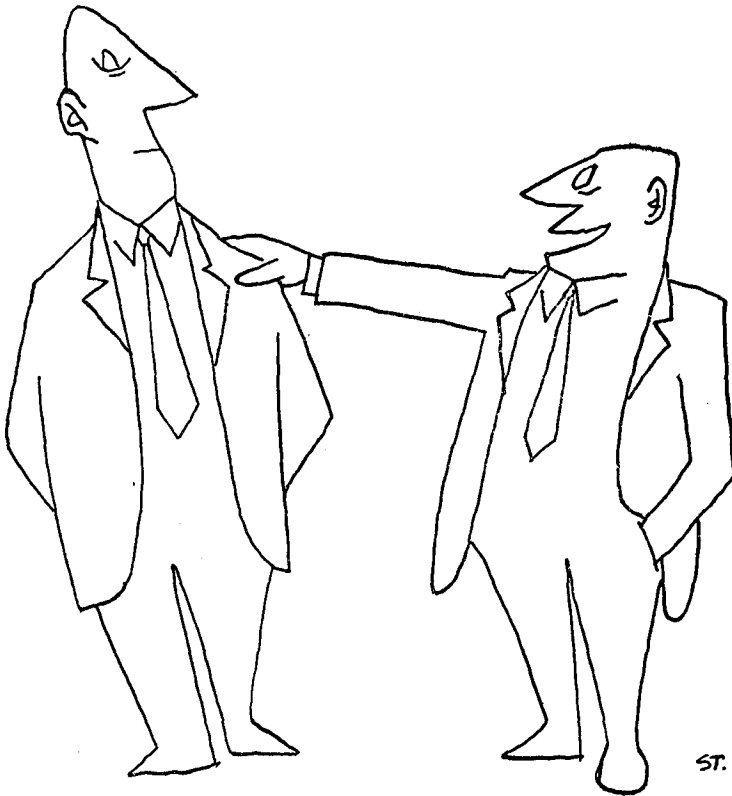
Let them establish some Jewish universities of their own if they feel they are not getting a square deal in education. The democracy of America is based on the thesis that minorities might find it a haven, not Heaven!

LUCIEN E. MYERS, M.D.

Orlando, Fla.

SIR: One of the things that staggers me about professional "democracy" boosters like Dr. Frank Kingdon is the careless way they bandy their categories about. "Catholics, Italians, Jews, Negroes." The implication is that all four are *peoples*.

To an educated Catholic, to talk about Cath-



olics as a people is simply a contradiction in terms; Catholic Christianity is a universal religion with adherents among all peoples and races. Negroes are a more or less diluted *race*; culturally they are mostly far more American than most Italian-Americans or even many Irish-Americans. The Jews are a *people* of varied racial provenance, distinguished by a national and exclusive religious tradition. The Italians are simply an unassimilated immigrant group from Europe; many are Catholics. To lump all four "groups" into one category is almost inexcusable.

J. HENRY B. HOFFMANN

New York City.

SIR: On this matter of quota systems in medical schools, nowhere in the constitution of the United States is merit in any profession dealt with in religious or racial terms; nor has such a thesis any basis of fact in civilized religion or in science. There are many Frenchmen who believe there is a French race; so it goes with the people of all nationalities. Naturally there are some Jewish people who believe themselves to be a race apart. Actually there are only five races in the world: black, brown, white, red and yellow. And the differences between them are negligible. Nature imbued each individual with certain aptitudes and abilities, and she didn't do it by racial groups. It is true that maybe aptitudes are suppressed by conditions of environment. Nevertheless man is an individual, and must be thought of in individual terms. Democracy recognizes this and has made its house out of it. Any belief to the contrary ultimately ends in national decadence.

The Jewish people have always constituted a fraction of the population. In the United States, it is about 4 per cent. Christianity, the constitution of the United States, much of our knowledge of medicine and all civilized law have been taken from Judaism. Should the Jewish people have contributed only that proportion of knowledge which equals their percentage of the total population, we'd still be in the Dark Ages. Imagine some quota-system fanatic saying to a Jewish doctor who had just discovered a cure for cancer: "You're over the 4 per cent. We can't use that cure."

All this adds up to the fact that quota-system addicts are anti-Semitic, although some of them are afraid, rather, or ashamed, to admit it. Discrimination is an ever-constant threat to America, and Dr. Kingdon is one of those who realizes the danger.

T/5 SGT. HERMAN J. GOVE

New Orleans, La.

THE MEANEST JOB

SIR: I have read in the October issue the letter of John Blaney, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Prison Employees Union at Charlestown. He is entirely accurate concerning the remuneration of prison guards. I had intended to say in my article ("The Meanest Job in the World," in the September issue) that I thought such officials were the most shamefully underpaid of any uniformed force. Through an error of omission I left it out.

But it is a fact that, considering the hazards of their occupation, and the general difficulties and nerve-wracking angles connected with it, prison-keepers are paid about a third to a half of what they should receive. It seems to me that the very minimum should be around \$4,000 a year. Now they are lucky if they get as much as \$2,500.

JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

New York City.

SLEEP AND SLEEPING PILLS

SIR: In reference to "Sleep and Sleeping Pills," by Dr. Klumpp, in the October *MERCURY*, I should like to state that, in the past few years of stress and strain, I don't know what I would have done without the barbiturates for the mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts and often the fathers of servicemen. To paraphrase Sydenham's expression that without opium few men would be callous enough to practise medicine, I can say that it would have been hard to send some patients out of my office without a prescription for something to help them to sleep.

You may be interested to know that in North Carolina we have a law which does restrict the sale of barbiturates and a number of other drugs, such as phenobarbital, thyroid and others, to physicians' prescriptions. These prescriptions cannot be refilled without permission of the doctor. Unfortunately, some of the coal tar products and the bromides have got around this, and some of our patent medicine producers are growing rich on headache powders consisting chiefly of acetanilid and sodium bromide. These are sold in quantities to factory workers. There are not many days when we do not have at least one case of bromism in our hospital as a result of the indiscriminate sale of these products.

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, M.D.

*Bowman Gray School of Medicine,
Wake Forest College*

Winston-Salem, N. C.

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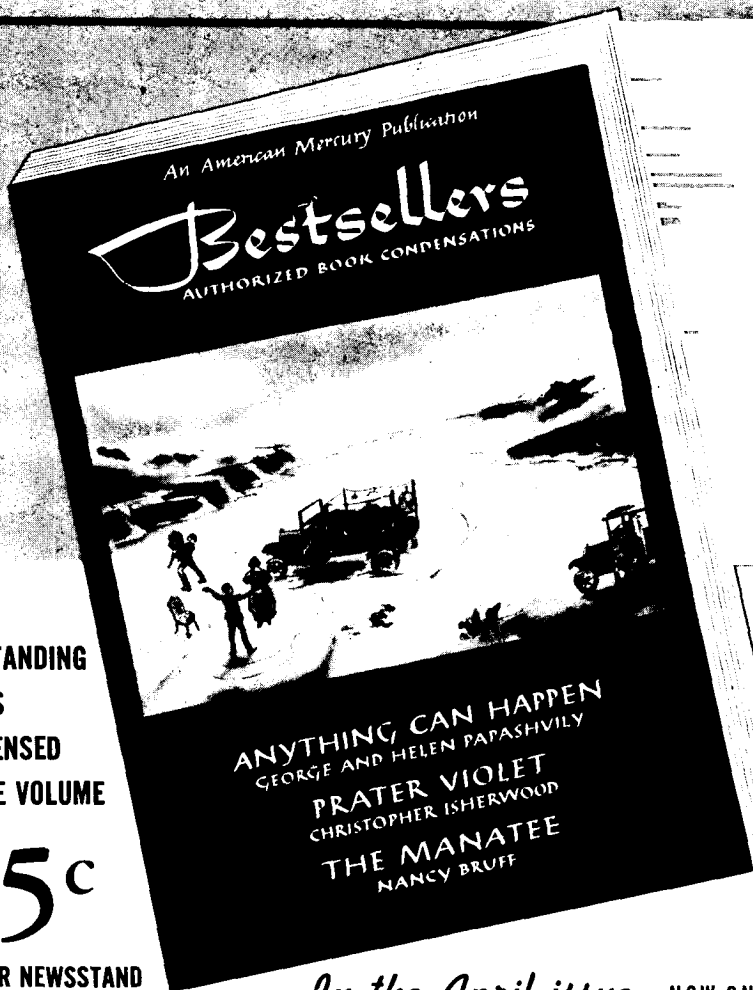
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